The story of
Suzanne Warren

JOHN BULL

Week ending September 27 1958
Every Wednesday Fourpence

MARRIED TO A TRAITOR

The war's most remarkable love drama

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

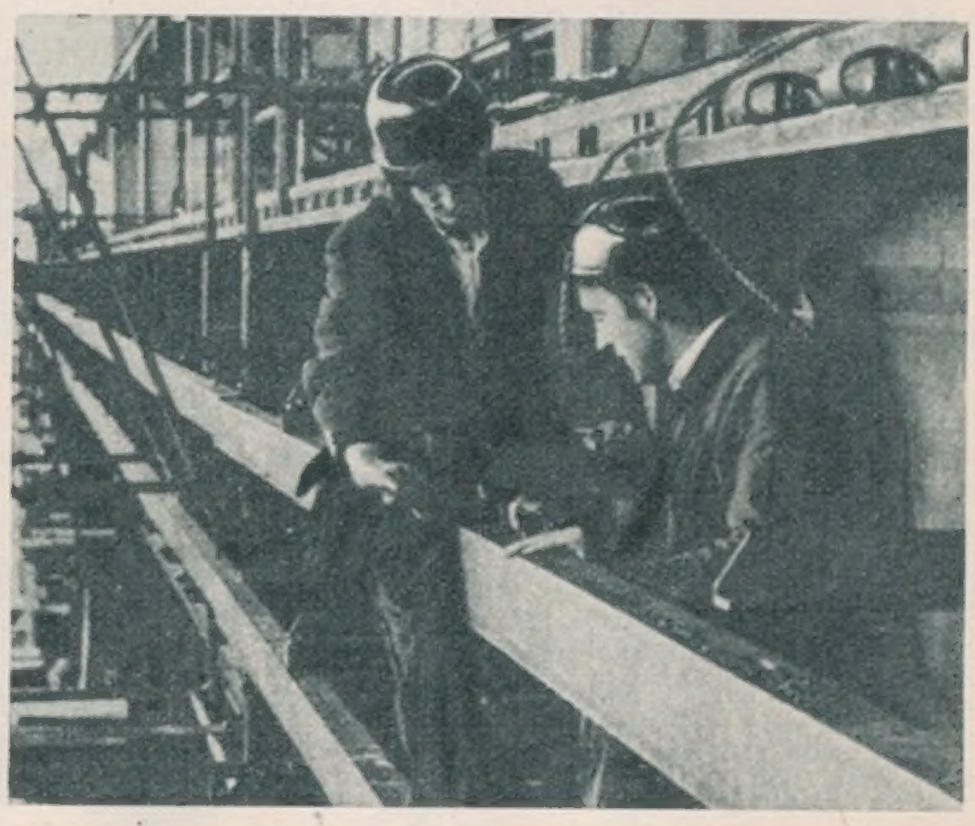
Another sparkling full-colour
supplement by Roger Smithells

WIN YOURSELF A NEW CAR—FREE!

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S LATEST THRILLER

At Port Talbot The Steel Company of Wales is building a new Bessemer shop in which the latest oxygen-blowing techniques will be used. This construction man is standing on its second highest girder.

The steel erection foreman and the consulting engineer are in close contact all day, every day.



Erectors at work on the conductor rail for a giant overhead crane at Port Talbot.

STEEL... The big build-up goes on

For new works, new plant, the Steel men are spending £100 million in 1958

A MAN IN GREY overalls pressed a lever no thicker than his little finger. Yards away, a chunk of glowing steel, 20 tons of it, swung forward with a roar. "That's how we do it now," he said.

"Electronics. Automation. It's press-button stuff these days, more and more."

The great, glaring mass of steel lumbered down the track, groaning like a dragon in pain as it was squeezed between massive rollers.

The man in the control box played skilfully on the small levers. Agonised steel shot forward, emerged slimmer, still glowing. More rollers were waiting . . .

We were watching the gigantic Universal Beam mill at Lackenby in action – first of its kind in the country. A monster of brute force and splendid precision. A poem of movement and mechanism.

KNEADING STEEL LIKE CLAY

This huge machine is housed in a building three-fifths of a mile long. It takes the raw chunks of steel and kneads them like moist clay, rolling out solid beams of steel to their proper cross-section. For bridges. For skyscrapers. For nuclear power stations and railway modernisation.

This is typical of the giant strides forward that Britain's Steel Industry is making. An overseas visitor said admiringly of the works at Lackenby that it "puts the newest American steelworks in the shade"; and that is saying something.

To plunge forward into the future requires brains, and courage, and confidence. The Steel Industry has them all. This year the steel men are spending £100 million on new works, new plant, building up the industry's productive capacity towards the target of twenty-nine million tons by the early 1960's.

THE BIG BUILD-UP

Up and down the country, from Glasgow to Ebbw Vale, there is exciting evidence of this great expansion. Bulldozers crawl and grunt and shove. Giant cranes wave their tentacles. And the long, bare buildings rise like cliffs.

Near Chester, on the banks of the Dee, they are winning back land from the sea. Pounding down slag from the furnaces. Making the site that much bigger. All for the future.

At Scunthorpe a new twelve-foot 4-high plate finishing stand has come into commission. More plate will come from West Hartlepool. Near Glasgow – a ten-foot slabbing mill. At Cookley – a three-stand cold mill for special transformer steel. At Port Talbot – a new Bessemer Converter steel-making shop.

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

The energy, the initiative – and the money – are the industry's own. But who makes sure that the industry's plans meet the nation's needs?

For this, the Government has appointed an *independent* body. The Iron and Steel Board. In consultation with the Government, the Steel Industry and steel users, the Board sets the pace of progress and makes sure the industry's plans are in step.

So we get the best of both worlds – private enterprise and public supervision.

And the system – a typical British compromise – works splendidly. Overall, steel production is now ahead of demand. We can balance our steel "account."

It is good for everyone in Britain that Britain has a Steel Industry like this. An industry as forceful as its own huge presses, as swift-acting as its own great rolling mills. For vast areas of Britain's other industrial enterprises rely on steel, are fed by steel. Steel won't fail them.

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

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The Cover

So that's the weighty problem that has been keeping her awake at nights. He knows from experience that it's no good pointing out that her figure is pencil slim; that she makes all the other wives in the road look like rugby full-backs. She will only suspect his motives and say he's thinking of the weekend intake of Yorkshire pudding and those dollops of double cream she usually puts on the coffee. She's right, too. He's already hidden a surprise box of her favourite temptation in that bag—*chocolate creams*

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our new feature, "We Advise."

Election Farce

MUST we put up with months of on-off-on rumours of a General Election before actually having one?

I'm tired of it. If a government is elected for five years, make it stay put for its full term—unless, of course, it is defeated on a vote of confidence.

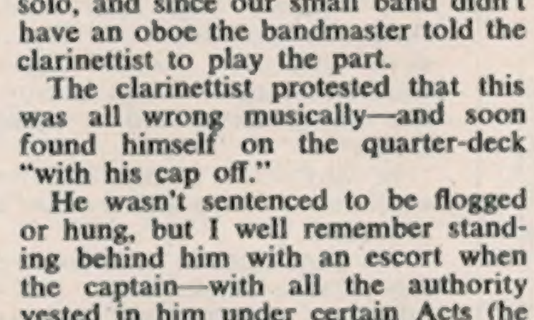
It's bad enough having to disrupt the nation's economy—and the world's confidence—with elections anyway. It's ridiculous when vote-catching politicians of the party that happens to be in power can turn the length of a government's life into a sort of farcical sweepstake.

It wouldn't lessen our democratic freedom to fix the next election date when a government takes office. Make the term three years, perhaps. But at least we would know where we stood.—D. PETERS, Lincoln.

Unsoiled?

What's happening down on the farm? When I was a lad farms were wonderful places, full of animals, dogs, horses, one or two goats and *always* pigs. The fields were friendly, the kitchens cosy and homely.

Now farms are about as aseptic as an operating theatre. Instead of muck yards with flapping hens there are



concrete tractor parks; most of the animals are gone; instead of delicious drinks of cow-warm milk it's automatically cooled and rushed off to the train. Even the farmers' wives don't seem to be the buxom matrons they were.—K. WRIGHT, Ripon, Yorks.

No Horn Blower

The charge against C. S. Forester's Bandsman Hudnutt of refusing to play B flat ("Hornblower's Hurricane," August 30) is fiction. But should any reader doubt the possibility of such a charge I tell of a true incident aboard my ship during the war.

Our Royal Marine band was practising a piece that required an oboe solo, and since our small band didn't have an oboe the bandmaster told the clarinettist to play the part.

The clarinettist protested that this was all wrong musically—and soon found himself on the quarter-deck "with his cap off."

He wasn't sentenced to be flogged or hung, but I well remember standing behind him with an escort when the captain—with all the authority vested in him under certain Acts (he read them all out)—gave the dedicated musician seven days in the cells for "refusing to play an oboe solo on his clarinet."—H. S. MUTTERS, Gipsy Lane, Llanfoist, Mon.

Car No. ???

Recently I saw in an English street a car with a number plate that to me was just a mass of squiggles.

I thought to myself at the time that if there had been an accident I for one wouldn't have been able to note its number.

Surely cars from countries which use writing that differs from ours

(an Egyptian number plate is shown in the photograph) should be issued with temporary plates.—B. GARNON, Purbeck Road, Longbenton, Newcastle upon Tyne.

They should, according to a police regulation. It is left to the A.A. and R.A.C., as agents of the Ministry of Transport, to issue them at the port of entry. But if a driver slips through, or takes the plates off, he might get away with it. The regulation applies to so few cars that it is not widely known.

Right Shape

A policeman's job can at times be passably pleasant.

Recently, in a busy street, a girl wearing skid-lid, windcheater and fashionable short skirt carefully steered her scooter past a bobby on point duty.

Then, with both hands on the handlebars, she indicated a right turn by extending an elegant leg.

The bobby didn't seem to be particularly annoyed. . . .—N. GRAY, Holme Avenue, Whickham, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Vanishing Eggs

Why, in a hen-house with several nesting boxes, do many hens often use the same one ("Free Speech," August 30)?

The answer is simple. Most hens, after laying for several days, know very well that there should be several eggs. And naturally each hen thinks that the box with most eggs is hers.

Once I saw two hens fight for a box. Then, when neither would give in, they shared it.—L. H. P., Rutland.

"We don't know much yet about hen psychology, but this sounds a very likely theory," says an expert on poultry research. "It's unnatural for human hands to rob the nest, and hens probably think that they are adding to a clutch for hatching."

School Age

Frequently, these days, boys and girls stay at school until eighteen and even nineteen years of age. Is this trend desirable?

I say no. Surely by this age, when they are practically men and women, they should be free of school régime—intended only for children too young for serious responsibilities.

At eighteen a young man should be out at work—or at university.—J. H., Knowle, Bristol.

"Staying on at school is encouraged by the Ministry of Education," says the University Grants Committee. "And more and more children do each year, in both grammar and modern schools. The number of sixth-formers increases by about five per cent each year. One reason may be the pressure for university places. If candidates fail to get in, they can stay on and try the following year."

Wait For It

Why is it that customers at a bank will patiently wait for attention, apparently expecting slow, cautious service, yet when they go to the Post Office show irritation at the slightest delay?

As a counter clerk I have to put up with them. They "tut tut" and finger tap, apparently unaware of the number of things for which we are responsible.

The Postmaster-General's publicity office has given postmen the limelight; it's time attention was turned on the hard-worked counter staff.—JEFFREY WARREN, Beckenham, Kent.

From The Pews

Must the sermon come in the middle of church services? I'm sure there would be a great upsurge in church-going if it were moved to the end—after the blessing—and if the congregation could question the clergy on their preaching.

In the place where the sermon normally comes the priest could give a brief outline of his sermon for the following week, so that those who stay to listen and learn could give the subject some thought and be ready to

accept, reject or discuss it as the case may be.

Modern man is no longer able or willing to accept another's interpretation of the Word as an act of blind faith. Sound, simple, reverent discussion could work wonders.—H. G., Middlesex.

No Reservation

Having enjoyed the cattle-truck comfort of Britain's overcrowded trains I think it's high time that British Railways' absurd attitude to seat reservation was changed.

If you are lucky enough to travel from the station from which the train starts, and rich enough to afford the increased charge, you may reserve a seat.

But the railways should feel that it is their duty to ensure that there are seats for *all* their passengers. It is to their advantage to know how many people intend to travel on a certain day, and instead of charging extra they should offer tickets a week in advance at a reduced rate—and with a guaranteed seat.—E. R. MATHEWSON, Buntingsdale Estate, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

"Advance tickets would mean a colossal amount of paper work," say British Railways. "To know how

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY!

WHETHER or not you entered our competition last week, you MUST send in the coupon below—it is your last opportunity to win a superb FORD PREFECT "DE LUXE"—with heater, absolutely FREE!

Just imagine it—for your careful thought and consideration you might well win a luxury car with which to benefit the whole family!

All you have to do is to study the 20 musical items listed on the FREE entry coupon and place an X—in ink (pen or ballpoint)—against each of the 10 which you consider would, together, combine into the best-balanced and most entertaining programme of recorded music for a family get-together on an autumn evening.

Read the instructions below carefully, complete your FREE entry coupon and post it right away.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES

All accepted entries will be examined and a Ford Prefect "De Luxe" with heater, taxed and insured, plus running costs all to a total value of £750 will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the judges, selects the 10 musical items which, together would combine into the best-balanced and most entertaining programme of recorded music for a family get-together on an autumn evening.

If preferred, winner may take £750 cash instead. In the event of a tie, the alternative prize of £750 will be shared among those tying.

Mark 10 crosses only. No order of merit required. Entries accepted only on this coupon, and only one entry per reader allowed from each weekly issue of John Bull in which this competition appears. Coupon must be completed in ink—pen or ball-point. Any entry wholly or partly in pencil will be disqualified as will any bearing alterations or in any way mutilated. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies (and members of their families) are not eligible to compete. The result will be published in *John Bull* at the earliest date.

IMPORTANT. Before placing your coupon in the envelope copy out, on the outside of the back of the envelope, the key numbers of the 10 tunes you have chosen—in one line and in exactly the same order as they appear on your coupon. This is necessary to give you the result as soon as possible. Your entry will be disqualified if this is not done. Competitors submitting a coupon each from last week's and this week's issues may post both in the same envelope provided both selections are marked on the back of the envelope as instructed above.

Post your entry in a sealed envelope (3d. postage) to: Family Get-Together, JOHN BULL, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99, to arrive by not later than Tuesday, October 7, 1958. No correspondence or coupon for any other competition may be enclosed with it.

—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE—

WIN A FORD PREFECT "DE LUXE" FREE WITH THIS COUPON

Place an X—in ink—in blank spaces against each of the TEN musical items you select.

1 Always	
2 Belle of the Ball	
3 Dambusters March	
4 Destiny Waltz	
5 Knightsbridge March	
6 Love's Old Sweet Song	
7 Luxembourg Polka	
8 Magic Moments	
9 Mandy	
10 Merry Widow (Selection)	
11 My Fair Lady (Selection)	
12 Pedro the Fisherman	
13 The Runaway Train	
14 Silver Threads Among the Gold	
15 Snow White (Selection)	
16 Tales from the Vienna Woods	
17 Tiptoe Through the Tulips	
18 When You Wish Upon a Star	
19 Whole Lotta Woman	
20 You Need Hands	

I agree to accept the published result as final, also the Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

Post Now. All entries must arrive not later than Tuesday, October 7. This competition is open only to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire. JB27/9/58

Free Speech

continued from page 3

many were to travel, every station on the line would have to make a report for every train.

"With the present system, it's no use booking a seat from an intermediate station because you have to claim your seat ten minutes before the train leaves the terminus. We have to have this rule because travel agencies make block bookings before selling tickets."

Police Bargains

These new tests for old cars are unfair. Why pick on the car owner? What of the dealer who sells used cars? He's the cause of much of the trouble.

The police should test cars while they are still in dealers' garages. It would mean a higher standard of cars for sale (fearful dealers would not buy any old model), a guaranteed car everywhere and more effective police coverage.

There would still, of course, be private sales, but if a road test certificate had to be shown as part of the deal there would be a check on these cars, too.—IAIN MCGREGOR, Endsleigh Gardens, London.

Yanked Along?

So P. J. Smith thinks that walking hand-in-hand is a "frightful American custom" ("Free Speech," August 23).

He's best answered by author Charles Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* . . . "The old pair walked hand-in-hand; for, strange as it may appear to some of my readers, the use of the elbow to couples walking was not discovered in Europe till centuries after this."

It seems that the frightfully American custom has a longer European tradition than the "grand old British" habit of walking arm-in-arm.—MISS JEAN HAMILTON, Birchington Avenue, Grangetown, Middlesbrough.

This dates holding hands at least back to the fifteenth century—the setting for "The Cloister and the Hearth."

"And," adds E. S. Turner, author of "A History of Courting," "as for hand-in-hand being American—the early Puritans in North America called holding hands 'sinful dalliance' and disciplined the offenders."

Jobs For The Boys

Why does officialdom stop children from easing the boredom of long school holidays?

I have heard of several cases of local inspectors stopping children helping adults because it might come under the heading "employment."

They mustn't help the milkman; they mustn't help their tradesmen fathers in their shops. . . . The restrictions become irksome—for most children do these things because they like doing them; and it passes the time.

In any case, many children are exploited at home and the law cannot prevent it.

It's quite right to have laws restricting juvenile employment. But surely officials could use their discretion. It isn't that the law is an ass but that it's administration is assinine.—A. L., Oxford.

Bye-laws on holiday working vary: Oxfordshire allows up to five hours a day; the West Riding bans all children under fourteen from having jobs.

"The laws are as much to protect children from themselves as from bad employers," says a school inquiry officer. "They might overtax themselves and go back to school jaded. And using discretion is difficult. If grocer Bloggs can use his son as errand boy, why, asks butcher Jones next door, can't he have schoolboy aid?"

Such A Bind

My house seems to be the first call on our local postman's round.

Result: almost every morning I find on my doorstep a piece of twine about two feet long. And my letters are often mutilated by twine cutting the edges.

Surely the Post Office can find a more efficient and less wasteful way

to bundle the mail—such as rubber bands or webbing straps which the postman could return for further use.—H. SMITH, Musgrave Street, West Hartlepool.

"We're having a purge at present on postmen who drop twine," says the Post Office. "We've had a lot of complaints. Postmen have orders to return the twine. And there's no need for damaged letters; they're being tied too tight."

Trust Me?

I do wish British housewives weren't so trusting. As a telephone engineer I'm appalled at the ease with which they let me into their homes.

I could be anybody—a robber, a prisoner on the run, or worse. But without checking my credentials they invite me in.

As neighbours they're even worse. Sometimes I find a note: "Key under mat." When this happens I call next door and ask the neighbour to accompany me in.

But what am I told? "Get along with you. I know you won't steal anything."

I won't. But if anything is missed later, who'll get the blame?—J. BARNES, London, S.E.21.

Jet Rabbit

I never expected to see a black *wild* rabbit—but I have done. Out catching rabbits recently I saw two—jet black—among a dozen or so others in a cut cornfield.

When the others ran off into the woods, the black ones went with them like a flash, so they can't have been tame.

What can be the explanation?—S. W. MUCKLESTON, Arnold Avenue, Meopham, Gravesend, Kent.

"They were probably descendants of escaped tame rabbits," says a naturalist. "But though they were quite common once, it's surprising to hear of them now, after myxomatosis.

"Escaped rabbits seem to have little difficulty in reverting to nature, then inter-breeding with wild ones."

Because of increased production costs, the price of JOHN BULL will be raised by a halfpenny next week. At 4½d., JOHN BULL, Britain's leading four-colour family weekly, will offer even better value than ever before.

PERSONAL TAILORING

NEEDS

PERSONAL ATTENTION...

THE HEPWORTH TOUCH!

Every year more and more men try Hepworth tailoring for the first time. They are delighted with the easy style, achieved by cutting each made-to-measure suit entirely by hand, and by the personal attention—the sense of being looked after—which is part of what we call "the Hepworth touch." Hepworth suits are individually tailored from start to finish. They cost only £8 . 19 . 6, or in pure wool worsted and blends of Acrilan or Terylene and worsted, from £11 . 11 . 0 to £15 . 15 . 0, and they can be made-to-measure or ready-to-wear.

LOWER PRICES for the Autumn

Hepworth clothes will cost less this Autumn, due to skilful buying during a drop in world wool prices. Hepworths give <u>you</u> the benefit!

Hepworths

Where the *GOOD CLOTHES* come from

See Happy Heppy in the window— the symbol of good tailoring!

YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

M14a

STUART CLOETE's brilliant story of jungle mystery

FANSHAW'S

He had carved it for an English church bazaar. And now it lay in my hands—stained with the blood of sacrifice

I HAD known Fanshaw for about five years. He was a big, impressive, dark-haired man in his thirties, well-read, well-educated—a sound man in the sense that he did not drink or gamble or fool around, and he puzzled me. Why should a man like that be satisfied running a tin-pot store, living the life of a poor trader on the Upper Vuma one of the lesser tributaries of the Niger?

I visited him once a year, stayed a few days and did a bit of business with him—selling him cheap alarm clocks, beads, enamel mugs, axe-heads and things like that. A Frenchman from Guinea with a big motor launch brought him his supplies twice a year and took off his produce—skins and hides, beeswax, copal, gum arabic, ivory and so on—but neither its volume nor value seemed in any way commensurate with the drawbacks of the job.

It can't have been anything of a life. Fanshaw seemed to have few interests, although he did have one hobby—wood carving. He used to carve big chunks of wa-wa wood into little figures from Dickens. Why Dickens? I never knew, but in the years I had visited him I could remember seeing Mr. Micawber, David Copperfield, Pickwick and many others. He painted them in bright colours with commercial paints—the kind used for painting furniture—and then sent them to his brother who, he told me, passed them on to the local vicar for the church bazaar.

THEN, the last time I saw Fanshaw, he had made a new departure. He was carving Punch—Punch of the Punch and Judy show, with his red face and big nose, almost a hunchback, with a fat pot on him and spindly legs.

"Why Punch, Frank?" I asked. "Isn't that a new departure?"

"A change, Johnny. Somehow I find I'm sick of Dickens."

Frank Fanshaw's sculpture was not very original. It was all on the toby-jug line. The figures were about eighteen inches long, and six inches wide about the stomach, which was what gave them the jug-like look which characterized them.

Sometimes I thought his carving was almost obsessive. He always had a knife in his hand and sat surrounded by chips and flakes of white wood.

He was lonely, of course. His house, built of mud bricks and roofed with corrugated iron, was on the top of a small hill overlooking the factory or trading station on the river front. There was a native village a couple of miles away with a chief, a ju-ju house and all the usual things that go with such a set-up. He had a mulatto manager, Jean Bolamba, who seemed efficient. He had a small, square, whitewashed house that adjoined the factory. He was Fanshaw's only real friend as far as I could see—a café-au-lait-coloured young man who had a passion for reading American novels.

There was, however, quite a coming and going of Africans from the interior and along the river bank. They came on foot along little paths, all but naked, carrying spears in their hands and followed by women who bore immense burdens on their heads.

They brought Fanshaw's other articles of trade—curios of various kinds—masks, weapons, statuettes, which to me were remarkable chiefly for their obscenity, but which Fanshaw said fetched good prices among collectors in Europe and America. He was a judge of these semi-sacred objects and had written one or two monographs about them which were considered, he said, to be among the best of their kind.

That, then, was the picture. This solitary white man living in the heart of the African bush, whose only companionship came from his half-caste manager, and whose chief interests were native curios and carving odd little toby-jug-like figures.

The last time I saw him alive, Fanshaw talked more than usual about his life, about his brother who lived at Fernley in Sussex. The name just slipped out. I do not think he wanted me to know where he came from, but his conversation that night had a kind of general nostalgia for "England, home and beauty" that must at intervals come over a man leading such a life, no matter how well adjusted he is.

I realize now that he was ill even then, which accounted for his nervous energy, his excited way of talking, the switches he made from subject to subject, from the ju-ju houses to the England of his childhood; from hunting elephants to descriptions of the wonderful butterflies which were found in the forest clearings.

He had wanted to be a great sculptor and, finding that he had no real talent, had taken to whittling these little figures, which I must say I found abominable, tasteless and garish. He carved them with a kind of bitter cynicism as if, in failing to do the best, he had forced himself to become satisfied with the worst.

HE had finished Punch's face. The body was roughed out. He said when I left that another week would finish him.

He came down to see me off at the dock. We shook hands. I said goodbye to Jean Bolamba. The boys lined the dock waving and shouting as we pushed off, and the engine of the little launch turned over with a series of explosions that sounded like rifle shots and sent the white headed fish eagles up into the air from their high perches on the trees.

And the next thing I heard, in Lagos, by that odd grapevine that connects the whole of Africa, was that he was dead. I felt I had lost a friend; or, if not quite a friend, a man who was curious and interesting. A man about whom I often thought because his life seemed so strange to me.

A year later I was home in England on a bit of leave, so I hired a car and went touring, ending up with some friends, the Stephenses, at Lewes, in Sussex. Tom Stephens was in business there. He talked of the places round about that were worth seeing, and one of them was Fernley. There was an abbey there, or rather the ruins of one, which he thought I ought to visit.

The name rang a bell. Fernley, in Sussex, was where Frank Fanshaw's brother lived. I decided I'd go and look him up.

The drive to Fernley took me about two hours, through lovely country. I lunched at a pub called The Spotted Hind and made inquiries. "Do some people called Fanshaw live near here?" I asked the old waiter.

"Fanshaw, sir?" he said, a new respect in his voice. "Do you mean *the* Mr. Fanshaw?"

"No idea," I said, "but I knew a Fanshaw in Africa, and I had an idea his brother lived here."

"That was Mr. Frank," the waiter said. "You knew Mr. Frank?"

"Certainly I did," I said.

"How is he, sir?"

"He's dead," I said. "That was why I thought of looking up his brother."

"He'll be very cut up, sir; very cut up indeed to hear of Mr. Frank's death."

I said: "He must know about it, and they didn't see much of each other, did they?"

"Not recently, sir. It must be six or seven years since Mr. Frank was here. But they were close, sir, very close.

"Mr. Frank was always sending parcels of curios and things to his brother. Quite a lot of talk some of them things made. At the post office. Not decent, sir, in a manner of speaking. Not properly human. Made by them cannibals.

"But some was different. Some was very pretty all painted up, and Mr. Fanshaw said that Mr. Frank had made them himself. Very clever with his hands he always was, they say, even as a boy."

"What happened to the things he carved?" I asked.

"Mr. Fanshaw gave them to the vicar, sir. He sold them at the church bazaar. Very well they did, too. Everybody wanted them. People out of Dickens, that's what they were. Perhaps you saw some of them?"

I said I had and asked where Mr. Fanshaw lived.

"At the manor, sir. You can't miss it. Fanshaw Manor House. A mile down the road, and then you'll see the gates on your right."

The house astonished me. It was an old Elizabethan manor and its grounds were beautifully kept. Frank's brother must be a wealthy man, I thought. And I was more than ever surprised that Frank had stuck that miserable little store on the river.

The door was opened by a butler. "I wish to see Mr. Fanshaw," I said. "His brother Frank was a friend of mine."

This seemed to satisfy him and he led me into a very attractive, large, low-ceilinged room. I sat down and waited. I suppose I had been there five minutes when Mr. Fanshaw came in. He looked like his brother, or rather like an older and richer edition of Frank. He held out his hand and said: "It was very good of you to come and see me, Mr. McQueen, very good indeed. I hope you will stay to tea." He rang the bell. "There is so much I want to know. Poor Frank."

I said: "I was very fond of him. I thought I'd look you up and give you what news I had. You see," I went on, "I must have been one of the last white men to see him alive."

MR. FANSHAW said something that struck me as odd. He said: "When you last saw him, Mr. McQueen, was he by any chance carving a Punch?"

I said: "He was, and it was nearly finished. I remember telling him that it was a new departure from Dickens."

Mr. Fanshaw laughed. "It was, wasn't it? He wrote to me about it and said he was tired of carving characters out of Dickens." He lit a cigarette. "I wish I had that last figure he was working on." He looked at me for a moment. "You see, I have nothing of his at all."

I said: "He sent back enough, didn't he? He was always talking about packing them up and sending them home to you."

"Yes, he did. He must have sent thirty or forty figures over the years. But he always wanted them sold at the church bazaar. He was a very religious man, Mr. McQueen."

The tea came in. We talked about Africa. Mr. Fanshaw had never been there. And we talked about Frank's love of Africa—which I had never noticed—and his interest in the natives and native art.

"Collected stuff for the museums all over the world, you know," Mr. Fanshaw said. "Quite an authority I believe. Most of them went through my hands."

I said: "I thought he knew a lot about native carvings."

Then Mr. Fanshaw went back to Punch. He said: "I'd give a lot to get that figure, Mr. McQueen. In fact. . . ." He got up and went to a writing desk and wrote something. When he came back he handed me a cheque —"Here's a hundred pounds, Mr. McQueen, towards any expense you may be put to in making the necessary

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

JU-JU

Africans walked for miles to bring Fanshaw curios. But it was a strange and lonely life for a man of his talent

Fanshaw's Ju-ju

continued from previous page

inquiries when you get back there—and if you can find it I'll give you another five hundred. I am not a poor man and I really want it. . . . The last thing poor Frank worked on."

I took the cheque because, after all, a hundred pounds was a hundred pounds. I was going back and, if he wanted me to, I would try to find out what had happened to it. Bolamba would probably know.

It was still early when I left Fanshaw Manor, so I decided to go and look at the church, which was built near the ruins of the abbey. It was a fine example of those split-flint buildings for which this area is famous. In the church there were plaques in the wall with the name of Fanshaw on them dating back to 1600. There were more Fanshaws among the yew trees of the churchyard.

While I was looking at them, the parson came out of the vicarage and said: "It is always a great pleasure to find somebody admiring our old church. Is there any help I can give you?"

I said I was interested in the Fanshaw graves; that I had known one of the Fanshaws in Africa and had come to tell his brother about his death, or at least what I had heard of it. "They seem to have been here a long time," I said.

"Fanshaw?" the parson said. "Yes, they've been here since the thirteenth century, I think, perhaps even earlier. But not these Fanshaws."

SOMEHOW, by the tone of his voice, I felt that he didn't care for Mr. Fanshaw. I said: "You mean . . . ?"

He said: "Mr. Fanshaw bought Fanshaw Manor about six years ago. He said he belonged to a branch of the family. They had lived abroad, in South Africa it was, I think, for several generations, but, hearing that the manor was for sale, he had decided to return to the house of his ancestors. The manor was very run-down when he bought it, Mr. . . ." he hesitated.

I said: "McQueen's the name. John McQueen. I understand you used to sell the carvings Frank sent home at your church bazaars."

"Indeed I did, Mr. McQueen. And they went very well. Very well indeed. Being a great reader of Dickens, I always wished I could buy one for myself. But everybody wanted them and the bidding was brisk."

I told him that Mr. Fanshaw wanted the last one he had done and seemed to have kept none of the others himself.

The more I thought about it, the queerer I thought it was. Surely he could have bought one back? If he wanted it for sentimental reasons like this, nobody would have refused to sell. And why had he said he had never been to Africa? Frank had never mentioned South Africa either.

NEARLY six months passed before I got back to the Upper Vuma and, when I had done my business, I began to inquire about the Punch carving.

At first Bolamba would say nothing. No, he did not remember it. Well, perhaps he did remember it, but it was a long time ago and anything might have happened to it. It might have been destroyed by termites. It might have been stolen, thrown away. . . .

I tried another tack. I said: "Look here," and I gave him five pounds, "use this to make inquiries. Some of your boys may know what's happened to it. I want to get hold of it. You see," I said, "I was fond of him, and I saw him finishing it."

I knew, of course, that Bolamba had the answers, that he would keep the five pounds and then pretend he had obtained the information from some native or other. But in this way I saved his face. To clinch the deal I said: "There'll be another fiver when I learn where it is."

I was staying in Fanshaw's old bungalow. Bolamba lived in it now and, as we sat having our sundowner looking out over the river the following evening, he said: "I have the answer for you, Mr. McQueen."

"What answer?" I said.

"The carving," he said. "I know where it is."

"Well," I said, "where is it?"

"In the ju-ju house. It's ju-ju now. Sacred. And will be hard to get."

I RAISED an eyebrow. "What do you mean, hard?" I said.

"Expensive."

"I suppose we'll have to see the ju-ju priest?"

"He'll be here before dark," Bolamba said. "I think he'll sell, but he will want a lot."

I put my hand into my pocket and got out the other five pounds I had promised Bolamba. "Now it's up to you again," I said. "There'll be more for you when I get it."

Bolamba nodded his head and poured me out another drink.

Just before the sun went down, the ju-ju priest appeared—a small, wizened, ancient man dressed in a singlet that had once been white, old khaki trousers over which he had draped a cloth which he wore, Gold Coast fashion, like a toga. About him there was an aura of age, dignity, wickedness and wisdom. Completely composed, he approached and greeted us, then sank on to the ground below the *stoep*, his black eyes flicking from one of us to the other like the tongue of a snake.

Bolamba began to talk. The priest replied sharply, bitterly. Bolamba translated to me. "He says it is impossible. The figure is holy, sacred."

I said: "Give him some gin."

Bolamba poured out half a glass which the old man tossed off.

"Now start again," I said.

The conversation continued. The impossible became possible, became probable, became—under the influence of gin, persuasion and higher bids—certain. In the end he agreed to hand over the figure for twenty pounds in cash, a gun and two cases of gin.

It came next day, wrapped up in palm leaves that were securely lashed with native string. I took it into the house to open. It was the Punch all right. But in what a state! It stank of putrefaction and the bright paint was peeling. Only his nose remained red. Punch's body was stained with the blood of sacrifice and impregnated with gin and palm oil of the libations which had been poured over him.

It was amazing to think of him the way he had been in Frank's hands two years ago. That he was a link between us and those days, between me and Frank's brother—the man who was ready to pay five hundred pounds to possess him. In the meantime, I gave him a wash and rolled him up in a clean bag that I got from Bolamba's store and paid no more attention to him till I unpacked him in my room in Lagos, when I got back, and stood him on a shelf with some of my other curios. I wrote to tell Fanshaw that I had Punch, and then forgot about it.

A week or so later I had just come back from checking some new consignments and was comfortably settled on my bed with a book when a boy knocked on my door and informed me that there was a gentleman to see me.

I said: "Tell him I'll come straight down."

"Don't bother," the man who had followed the boy in said. "It's too hot to dress." I was naked except for my shorts but still sweating so much that it was hard to read. "Besides," he said, "I have rather a lot to say. It might be best to do it in private. He looked around. "Mind if I sit down?"

I said: "What exactly do you want?"

He said: "A lot of things, Mr. McQueen. By the way," he said, "my name is Pendleton—Colonel Pendleton. I am a private investigator."

"And what have I done?"

"Nothing—but I understand you are one of the few men who know the Upper Vuma."

"Know it?" I said. "I don't know it. Nobody knows it, not even the district officer. I've just been there, that's all."

"You go to the store, don't you?"

"Yes. About twice a year."

"Well," he said, "now I'm going to tell you something in confidence." He got up and began to walk about the room. He was tall, thin, dark-haired, with an air of precision and purpose. "You know, I'm very interested in native curios." He was picking up the things I had collected and putting them down again. He came to Punch. "This is a funny one."

By this time I was a bit annoyed. I wanted to read my book or go to sleep. "Funny?" I said. "Punch is supposed to be funny."

"Funny, I mean, for a native to make."

"A native didn't make him. He was made by my friend, Frank Fanshaw."

"The chap who had the store on the Upper Vuma?"

"That's the man," I said.

Pendleton didn't put Punch down. He held him in his hand and then sat down nursing him in his arms.

I said: "Be careful of that chap. I can get five hundred quid for him."

"From whom?"

"Fanshaw's brother wants him for sentimental reasons. I'll show you the letter."

I gave it to him. It had just come with the cheque. He read it carefully, and then he said: "Do you know how many diamonds are stolen in West Africa each year?"

"Of course I don't."

"Between six and ten million pounds' worth. I'm working for the diamond interests."

"De Beers?" I said.

"De Beers and others. This leakage could collapse the market. At any rate, it's affecting it." He looked at me out of his hard, black eyes. "I've traced the diamonds. They come from Kimberley, from Tanganyika, from the Gold Coast, from Sierra Leone, from Liberia, and they all flow in one direction—to one central depot. . . . This is something quite new. By new, I mean it's only been going on for seven or eight years. Do you know how the natives smuggle them across the borders?"

I said: "No. After all, I'm a trader, not a smuggler."

He said: "They come concealed in native carvings. No customs official ever thought of looking in a little wooden fetish carried by an African. It's his good luck charm. It contains the spirit of his father or his mother." He paused. "Then they reach a central depot, and that's where you come in."

I said: "May I ask you how you found all this out?"

HE smiled: "Well, for some time we kept getting reports about African curios that had had holes bored into them, so we began to wonder what went into the holes.

"That was easy. Next, where did they come from? We traced the route these things took. We did that and found that they reached the Upper Vuma, coming in from all directions. Now, the point is that they got there full—loaded as it were with diamonds—and left there empty, so the diamonds were sent away in some unspecified manner. This is where I want your help, Mr. McQueen. Have you any ideas?"

"My friend who ran the store there died a couple of years ago," I said.

"The affair has slowed up since then," Pendleton said, "but we're still after it."

I said: "Fanshaw was his name. His hobby was carving figures in wa-wa wood—characters out of Dickens—and he sent them home to his brother."

"That sounds interesting," Pendleton said. "I suppose we can't get any of those figures. That's what we really need." Then he laughed. "I've got one in my hand, haven't I?"

Before I could stop him he put Punch on the floor and jumped on him.

"Hey," I said. "Hey!"

He jumped again. There was a crack and Punch broke.

"Bang goes my five hundred pounds," I said.

"Look," he said. "Five hundred pounds! There are fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds there."

AND there they were, spread out all over the floor. Pendleton bent down, picked them up and put them on the windowsill where they glistened in the sunlight. "Smart," he said, "very smart. Woodcarvings from his brother in Africa. His hobby, you know. Wood carvings to be sold at the church bazaar. Who'd look at them twice? Clever, wasn't it? Nobody worried about Africans and their fetishes. Nobody worried about the Dickens figures."

"So that accounts for Frank Fanshaw being there in the bush," I said, "and his brother being so well off."

"Fanshaw!" Pendleton almost spat the word. "Their name's not Fanshaw at all. We've been after them for years, but they dropped out of sight."

"Well," I said, "bang goes my five hundred pounds."

He didn't seem to be worried about my end of the business. "Not at all, my boy," he said. "Not at all. You'll get the De Beers reward of five thousand."

"And you?" I said.

"Me?" He laughed. "I'll get more than that. And my pay and expenses, of course. Now, I've some phoning to do. Then what about joining me for dinner? I think we've earned a good meal."

We dined rather well that evening. But I didn't feel particularly gay. I thought of Frank Fanshaw alone there in that evil country, chipping, always chipping, at the wood. After all, he had been a kind of friend. THE END

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September Sonnet

Young Autumn, apple-sweet and peacock-vain,
Has claimed my garden and the heights above,
Whence he may shower from his treasure trove
The riches harvested of my domain;
The copper of the Beech, the silver rain
Of Aspen leaves that with the sunlight move,
Full-fisted tokens of his boyish love—
He scatters wide in gold of grass and grain;
And I, indulgent to his every whim,
Must scrape and carry, sweep and reach and bend,
And only pause to shake my fist at him
Whose lavish gifts are more than I can spend;
Yet all these tiresome labours day by day
I'd gladly undertake, would he but stay!

ROSEMARY BAZLEY

GORDON YOUNG tells the war's most moving true story of love and heroism

MARRIED TO A TRAITOR

The drama of Suzanne Warren

While she risked her life for the stricken soul of France, a ruthless Englishman betrayed her love . . .

Harold Cole, the Englishman who won the affection and respect of French Resistance workers—then gave their names to the Germans

FEW of the housewives in the London suburb of Wimbledon, standing with their shopping bags beside a slim, auburn-haired young woman who is now the happily married mother of two fine sons, know that she is also the heroine of one of the strangest of all the stories of the war. Few, even of Suzanne Warren's closest friends, have been shown the certificate, signed by Lord Tedder, which hangs in her little flat, thanking her for her secret work which enabled more than fifty Allied fighting men to escape to Britain.

And virtually nobody except Suzanne's present husband knows of the agonizing personal ordeal to which her wartime gallantry brought her—the ordeal of a young and intensely patriotic girl who discovers, far too late, that she has married a traitor.

Suzanne was born on November 22, 1921, at Jouars-Pontchartrain, just outside Paris. Her family name was the northern French one of Warenghem, later anglicized to Warren by the British War Office during her secret wartime work. Her father, an agent for a French brewery firm, was himself half English, because his mother, before her marriage, had been a Miss Phoebe Ewing, of Woodford, Essex. Suzanne's mother was a well-known local beauty in the French provincial town of Nemours, but she died, at the age of twenty-two, when Suzanne was born.

So when she was only ten days old Suzanne was sent to live with an aunt, the wife of her father's brother, in the Paris suburb of Asnières.

Aunt Jeanne, Madame Jeanne Warenghem, small in stature, determined in character, promptly and capably took the motherless baby in hand. Her pleasure in watching the child develop into a pretty little girl was shared by her two unmarried sisters, the Mademoiselles Marie and Isabelle Bureau. Between the three of them—Aunt Jeanne, Aunt Marie and Aunt Isabelle—and Suzanne there grew up a strong bond of affection which was to last a lifetime.

When she was a child, Suzanne spent several holidays with relatives in Britain, and came to love the country second only to her own France. Her last prewar holiday in Britain was in 1938, at the time of Munich.

She returned to Le Havre, where her father had gone to live with his second wife, and where Suzanne, at the age of seventeen, had become secretary to a boys' school. She held that post during the "phoney" war.

At the end of May, 1940, the first German bombs began to fall on Le Havre; on the afternoon of June 3 more than a thousand bombs were dropped on Paris in its first large-scale raid. Next day the Germans launched their decisive tank thrust towards Amiens, Péronne and Soissons. The real Battle of France had begun.

One morning around noon sailors from the French navy came knocking at the doors of those who still remained at home. "Get out—evacuate," they cried. "It's an order from headquarters."

For a whole week the family plodded on, until they came to the little Normandy village of St. Pierre la Vieille, where the mayor was efficiently arranging billets for refugees who wanted to go no farther. Suzanne and her family were put in an abandoned house, and there they heard the announcement, on

This was Suzanne's choice: to flee—or to fight France's enemies

June 21, 1940, that the French representatives of the Bordeaux government had been received by Hitler.

But even in this hour of dismay, a remarkable thing was happening among the young people of France: they found it impossible to give up hope. All through those disastrous days the boys and girls of the area, whom Suzanne quickly got to know, were gathering in little groups to carry on the struggle against the hated invader.

When news came of French soldiers hidden in the fields and fearing capture by the advancing Germans, Suzanne was one of the first to take them food and civilian clothing. She helped Pierre, the mayor's son, to watch out for the movements of Germans and pass on the information wherever it would be most useful.

Joyfully the young people on one occasion held one of their councils of war while sitting on the wings of one of the last of the German bombers to be shot down in France, just before the capitulation. Their spirits remained resolutely unbroken.

Suzanne, indeed, made an attempt to get away to England, and got as far as the Spanish border, but failed to cross. She returned to her father and the family moved back to Le Havre, then completely in German hands.

The bombing of Le Havre grew steadily more extensive and Suzanne's father decided that it was best to evacuate his family to the comparative safety of Paris.

Suzanne, still secretly determined to get to Britain, went to stay with Aunt Jeanne in the Paris suburb of Becon-les-Bruyères, and found herself a job as a secretary in the Prefecture at Versailles. . . .

At about that time, in the industrial region of northern France between Amiens and the Belgian border, an Englishman named Paul Cole—his real Christian name was Harold—was making a great reputation for chivalry and courage.

He appeared among the patriotic French people of that area—nobody quite knew where from—in the autumn of 1940. He was suave and energetic, and he spoke French with an obviously British accent. He told everybody that he was a trusted secret agent of the British Intelligence Service, a former Scotland Yard detective who had volunteered for the dangerous work of remaining behind the lines of the advancing German army and organizing the escape of British troops.

Within a few months the name of *le capitaine anglais* was being whispered with awe from Abbeville to Roubaix, and Paul Cole was drawing into his network a long and impressive list of courageous volunteers to help him in his underground work.

In Abbeville there was the tall, handsome priest, the Abbé Pierre Carpentier, who was also a French army reservist, and whose speciality was smuggling men across the Somme. In Roubaix there were Monsieur and Madame L. Galant, who owned the mirror shop on the rue de Lannoy, who fed and lodged more than fifty British soldiers brought to them by Paul, and sent them on their way south always with the thousand francs in their pockets, money which Madame Galant earned by working as a seamstress at nights.

In Loison-sur-Lens there was a tiny, doll-like French girl named Madeleine Deram who had sheltered Paul for nobody knew quite how long. In the La Madeleine suburb of Lille there was an attractive woman hairdresser named Madame Vogglimaci, who sheltered many of his refugees. And also in Lille there was Monsieur François Duprez, who worked in the *mairie* and supplied false identity cards for escaping Allied prisoners.

One of the first that he made was for Cole himself in the name of Paul Delobel.

All these brave people, and scores of others too numerous to mention, became devoted and trusting workers for Cole, who lived with an apparent disregard for danger which the French people found irresistible. He never seemed to have the slightest misgivings about his English accent. He went all around Lille freely among the German troops, sometimes on a bicycle, sometimes driving Monsieur Duprez' car—without a licence, of course. He sat among Germans in the cinemas, drank with them in bars, dined with his many girl-friends alongside Germans in the restaurants.

Cole had a taste, which he never attempted to conceal, for good food, fine wine and glamorous girls. He was at his best seated at a dinner-table surrounded by such things, relaxed, talking easily, in a low voice and impressively, though with just enough show of modesty to befit an English gentleman, of his past exploits as a secret service agent.

What none of his French friends knew was that this love of pleasure had shown itself years before, in his native London. After leaving school he trained as an electrician, but his weakness for girls and good living turned him to theft, including stealing cars, to gain extra money.

On May 9, 1934, Cole had been convicted at London Sessions of being an habitual criminal. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and five years' preventive detention, after having pleaded guilty to six charges of theft and admitted twenty-four other offences. During the hearing his defence counsel stated: "His sweetheart still retains her faith in him."

He joined the army in the Royal Engineers in 1939 and went with his unit to France as a non-commissioned officer; but in April, 1940, before Dunkirk, he deserted after stealing the mess funds. That is why he was in northern France during the German occupation. . . .

Even in those cold November days of the first winter of German occupation, Suzanne's three elderly aunts—Aunt Jeanne at this time was sixty, Aunt Marie fifty-eight, Aunt Isabelle sixty-three—were three old ladies whom Hitler could not intimidate.

Almost anything that Suzanne proposed the aunts were prepared to do, and Suzanne christened them her "Three Musketeers." On some nights Suzanne and her three musketeers would go out armed with a few pieces of chalk, and spend an hour or so writing rude slogans about the Germans on any walls they could find unwatched.

One day at the Prefecture Suzanne heard that a number of wounded British soldiers, technically prisoners of war, were at the Hôpital Bégin near Vincennes. She resolved to visit them.

Suzanne collected a little bag of such delicacies as could still be found in the Paris groceries to take to the hospital.

She found the British soldiers lying in long rows on both sides of one ward of the hospital and already a few other French people were visiting them. Suzanne saw one man who had lost his arm and who had nobody to talk to, so she introduced herself and gave him her little bag of delicacies. "Very nice of you, miss, I'm sure," said the man—which is all that Suzanne remembers about that first conversation.

Gradually, as she got to know the British soldiers better, Suzanne confided to them her secret ambition to escape to England. One of the British officers to whom she talked of her plans was a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps, Captain Geoffrey Darke.

He told her in strict confidence that he and a fellow-officer, Lieutenant Kenneth Spreckley, of the Lothian and Border Yeomanry, and two others were already planning an escape, and he also gave her the address of somebody in Marseilles who, he believed, could be trusted and might help her to cross the Spanish border.

Then she made another lucky encounter—a French boy named Roger Pelletier who also came to the hospital regularly visiting the British soldiers.

"But Suzanne, I think I can help you there," said Roger. "I am only up here in Paris on leave. Actually I work at a *Chantier de la Jeunesse* unit in the Pyrenees, not very far from the border. I know a priest who has a way of getting across—and what's more I know how to get across the demarcation line from here into unoccupied France." (The *Chantier de la Jeunesse* was one of the Pétain Government's organizations for young French people.)

Suzanne was delighted. "We'll go just as soon as ever you like," she told Roger. "And let's each of us take one English soldier with us, then we shall really be doing something useful."

So on her next visit to another hospital, the Val de Grâce, Suzanne approached one of the soldiers whom she knew best, a sergeant from the 51st Highland Division, named Tommy Edgar. When she explained her plan he jumped at it, and so did another highlander named Jimmy Tobin to whom Roger made a similar proposition.

On a warm but dark June night of

This certificate is awarded to
Mademoiselle Suzanne Warenghem
as a token of gratitude for and appreciation of the help given to the Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which enabled them to escape from, or evade capture by the enemy.

Air Chief Marshal,
Deputy Supreme Commander,
Allied Expeditionary Force

Signed by Lord Tedder, this certificate pays tribute to Suzanne Warren's work in the French Resistance. She helped fifty fighting men to escape

Suzanne (fourth from left) and her young friends were spurred to defiance by their country's collapse. For a council of war they used the wings of a German plane—one of the last to be shot down before France's fall

from within

1941, the two British soldiers made their way to the hospital lavatory where they changed into civilian clothes. Then they climbed out of the window, climbed down a drainpipe, perilously crossed a glass roof which threatened to collapse under their weight, passed the hospital church, and finally jumped down into the yard at the back of a private house. It was at the front door of this house that Suzanne and Roger grabbed them by the hand and the four of them rushed into the *Métro* station as the last train was coming in.

Madame Leblanc, a helpful Swiss woman, had promised to put up the party for the night.

Next morning there was a new problem to be tackled. Tommy and Jimmy must be provided with some sort of French identity cards if they were to have any hope of moving south through France in safety. The blank card itself could be obtained from any tobacconist, so Suzanne got two of these, and then she and Roger took the British soldiers off to a local photographer's to have their identity-pictures taken. The official stamp was clumsily forged with a rubber stamp of about the right dimensions which belonged to a school gymnastic society.

One more night with Madame Leblanc, then the party left next day by train for Bordeaux, which they reached without incident and changed into a local train for Langon, near the border of the line of demarcation into unoccupied France.

Roger knew the way across the border from Langon. By about dawn they reached a village well inside Vichy-France and the rest of the trip to Marseilles went so smoothly that it was more like a holiday than a wartime escape. At Marseilles Suzanne had to find an escape route into Spain.

She had little idea what to do. First she went to the address which had been given to her in Paris by Captain Darke. But when she got to the number of the street he had mentioned she found that it was an apartment house and she had no idea at which of the many front doors she ought to ring.

She and Jimmy and Tommy drifted around Marseilles that day rather disconsolately. They tried the consulate of the U.S.A. (then still a neutral country) but an official said with regret that he could do nothing to help them escape. Later they met some kind of a British official who advised them frankly to give themselves up.

Then pure chance intervened. Just as the party was passing by the old harbour of Marseilles, Suzanne's eye was caught by a long, low white building in the rue de Forbin. On the door, in unmistakable English, was a notice which proclaimed, "British and American Seamen's Mission—now open to British civilians and seamen ONLY."

Leaving the others in the street, Suzanne went inside the building. "I'd like to see whoever is in charge here," she said, and a moment later a pleasant-faced priest came towards her.

It took only a few moments for the Scottish priest and the little French girl to realize that they could trust one another. For the priest was the Rev. Donald Caskie, minister of the Scottish Kirk in Paris, himself a highlander who had taken part in the mass exodus from Paris.

In Marseilles the minister had taken charge of the seamen's mission, and at the behest of British Intelligence officials had turned it into a vital link of an escape route which helped to send hundreds of British soldiers across the Pyrenees into Spain.

"I think I know just the man who can help you," Dr. Caskie told Suzanne. "And he should be coming along here any moment."

This was the encounter which was to turn her from merely being a patriotic and somewhat romantic young lady into a professional secret agent.

The visitor who now appeared at the seamen's mission was a large, raw-boned man, rosy-cheeked and freckled, whose accent betrayed him immediately as an Australian. He was Bruce Dowding, who before the war had lived for years in the south of France, spoke perfect French and had become one of the most active members of an escape organization for British soldiers.

The organization had been started, at first without official assistance and almost without funds, by Captain Ian Garrow, a survivor of the last stand of the 51st Highland Division at St. Valéry in the days after Dunkirk. In the summer of 1940 he had made his way south to Marseilles and might without difficulty have himself escaped but, struck by the plight of British soldiers still stranded in France, he had chosen to remain in Marseilles and organize an escape route for them. At this period Bruce Dowding was one of Captain Garrow's chief assistants.

Dr. Caskie explained to Bruce Dowding what Suzanne had told him, and introduced to him the two British soldiers.

"Yes, I can fix you up—all three of you," said Dowding.

Several nights later he turned up again and announced, "Sergeants Edgar and Tobin can start for the Spanish frontier tomorrow. Suzanne, I want you to take them to the Gare St. Charles and put them on the train. A guide will be on the train to take them to the Spanish frontier."

"But what about me?" asked Suzanne.

"Listen—it's like this. If you go to England and join de Gaulle you'll just be another person in the army. If you stay with us in France you can do work that's fifty times more valuable. There are hundreds of British soldiers wandering around in France and pilots being shot down, all of whom we can help to get safely back home so that they can fight again. Most of these men don't know a word of French and badly need somebody like you to pick them up, guide them down to us, get them across the demarcation line, in and out of trains, and so on.

"You've done it once, now, with Edgar and Tobin, and done it very well, too. Do stay with us and carry on the good work—for both our countries' sakes."

Suzanne next morning took Tommy and Jimmy to the station and with many farewell hugs saw them off on the last stage of their escape.

At first Suzanne was entrusted only

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ILLUSTRATION BY FANCETT

As the Germans flashed their searchlight over the field, Paul and Suzanne flung themselves down in the mud

New windows into your

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

Man's storehouse of thought is a mystery no more. . . . Today, surgeons can read messages from the brain itself, and learn safe paths for their healing knives

A BANK manager, forty-five, happily married and comfortably secure in his job, was quietly tending the chrysanthemums in his garden when he suddenly dropped his trowel, went indoors and lay down with a splitting headache.

After a while he was sick, and when he told his worried wife that he could not see too well with his right eye, she wisely sent for the doctor.

This was not the first time she had been worried about his health. Not only had his headaches been getting rather frequent, but he had sometimes been strange in his manner.

He had forgotten her birthday, which was most unusual, he snapped at the children when they asked questions, and he occasionally turned off the television set irritably when they were absorbed in a play.

Most alarming of all, he had confessed to her that he had advised a client badly in money matters, and was worried what the bank's head office might think if it ever came to their notice.

Gave doctor wrong answers

The doctor heard this story. He noticed, too, that the man's speech was unsure, and his answers to quite simple questions were hesitant and sometimes wrong. He examined the failing eye by looking into it with an ophthalmoscope, and saw that the optic nerve, where it entered the retina, was swollen—an indication of increased pressure inside the skull. At once he suspected cerebral tumour.

The next day the bank manager (let us call him Wilson) was seen by a neurologist—a specialist in nervous diseases. He was promptly admitted to hospital for an intensive investigation, and a week later was on the operating table in a neuro-surgical unit.

An operation for cerebral tumour calls for immense surgical skill. After he has qualified, a doctor needs another fifteen years' apprenticeship before he can consider himself an expert in this field. Nor can he work in isolation. He must train his own team of assistants to co-operate at every step.

From his preliminary investigations the surgeon in Wilson's case had a shrewd idea of how big the tumour was, where it lay, how far it had spread and how much damage it had done. But he needed more exact knowledge than this.

So he gave Wilson a local instead of a general anaesthetic. This meant that Wilson would remain conscious during the operation and would be able to help.

Wilson's head was shaved and his scalp numbed by injections of procaine. A large flap of scalp was cut down to the bone on three sides, and turned back towards his ear, exposing the skull. Bleeding from the cut edges was stopped by clamping the small jets which indicated the cut arteries, and then connecting a diathermy machine to the clamp. A half-second sizzle as the current was switched on, and the tiny place was cauterized and bled no more.

The surgeon then drilled minute holes at the corners of the "trapdoor" of skull he proposed to lift, and inserted a fine wire saw between the holes. Working this through the bone, sawing outwards towards the skull's surface, he finally opened the trapdoor.

The delicate membranes covering the brain were first anaesthetized, then cut and folded back. Below lay the greyish white convolutions of the brain itself.

This did not need to be anaesthetized because, strangely enough, the brain, the seat of all sensation, feels nothing directly. Pain, touch, heat and cold are all appreciated by special nerve endings in the skin, which pass on their messages, but the brain has none of these nerve ends, for normally it does not need them. The skull protects it against such influences.

So, during an operation, the brain can be handled and cut without the patient knowing anything about it, even though he is conscious.

When a tumour is near the surface of the brain, it can be seen to bulge outwards as soon as the brain is exposed. In Wilson's case it lay deeper. The effect of its pressure on nervous pathways would be apparent in some loss of function in the brain surface, and this was where Wilson had to help.

With a fine needle connected to a weak alternating current, the surgeon touched parts of the brain and asked his patient what sensations he experienced. Did he see a flash of light? Feel a burning in his arm? Did he hear a crackling noise? Or did nothing happen when, normally, something should have happened?

The surgeon now knew just where the tumour was, but he still wanted to know exactly how far it spread. Wilson had had an injection of radio-phosphorus before coming to the operating theatre, and this had accumulated in the tumour, which has a bigger affinity for phosphorus than other parts of the body.

With a miniature probe geiger counter, the surgeon gently explored the brain, plotting the radio-activity. Now he knew exactly what he had to do.

The diathermy machine provides two strengths of heating current—one he had already used to coagulate the blood vessels in the scalp. The machine was switched over to the "cutting" current, and connected to a knife blade. This cut into the brain, sealing any bleeding as it went. The tumour was reached.

At work within six months

It proved to be limited in extent, surrounded by a capsule from which it could be carefully shelled out, rather like an orange from its peel. The brain was gently brought together to close the gap, the membranes sewn up, the trapdoor in the skull closed, the scalp wound stitched and bandaged.

Asleep at last, with an injection of morphia, Wilson was wheeled out of the operating theatre.

Within six months he was back at the bank. . . .

Even expert neurologists are only just beginning to understand the human brain, with its complex system of many millions of nerve cells, all intercommunicating by intricate pathways. Much of what is known today is the result of studying head wounds during the last world war.

Until fairly recently it was thought that the brain could be mapped out in clearly defined areas, one responsible for speech, another for receiving sensation from the big toe, a third for controlling the index finger, and so on; and injuries to the brain which had resulted in loss of such powers tended to strengthen this idea. But the brain is not as simple as that.

For example, when I use a typewriter I do not deliberately direct any group of muscles to write what I want to say. The action as a whole is only partly conscious. Most of it is automatic, compounded of what I want to write, my memory of the keyboard, and unconscious though fully co-ordinated movements of my fingers.

It is true that certain areas of the surface of the brain are primarily concerned with certain functions. The part right at the back is concerned with vision. Motor activity for the muscles is dealt with by a tract at the side, over the ear.

But these areas cannot in any sense work in watertight compartments.

It is now known that the brain acts as a whole, in much the same way as an orchestra, made up of individuals, plays as a unit. Every thought, sensation, or movement is accompanied by a pattern of electrical activity in a myriad cells. The number of possible patterns is infinite, and is constantly added to by every incident of our lives.

Once a pattern has been called up, it is easily repeated and, after a number of repetitions it tends to occur spontaneously on the original provocation.

Soon it's all automatic

A task such as learning to ride a bicycle, to skate, or remember five times seven, calls at first for all our conscious concentration; but once the pattern is there it is done automatically.

Moreover, the question of timing enters into many actions: for example, in changing gear on a car. Then one pattern must follow another in the right sequence, so there has to be a sort of governing pattern to send them into action at the right moment.

But it is useless for the brain cells to go into all this activity unless they can communicate their wishes. So the brain consists of two parts.

The first is the grey matter, the brain cells. The second part is white matter—nerve fibrils which convey impulses from one part of the brain to another and from the brain, through

HOW YOUR BRAIN CONTROLS YOU

1. LEG MOTOR AREA
2. CHEST MOTOR AREA
3. ARM MOTOR AREA
4. FINGERS MOTOR AREA
5. THUMB MOTOR AREA
6. FACE MOTOR AREA
7. RHYTHMIC MOVEMENTS OF CHEWING AND SWALLOWING
8. TEMPORAL LOBE
9. HEARING
10. BONY HOLLOW FOR PITUITARY GLAND
11. SPEECH MOTOR AREA
12. SENSATION OF MOVEMENT
13. AREA RECEIVING SENSATIONS FROM SKIN
14. AREA CO-ORDINATING THE TURNING OF THE BODY TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE
15. RECEPTION OF VISION
16. CEREBELLUM (CONCERNED WITH BALANCE)

the rest of the nervous system, to the body.

Injury to these pathways is like cutting the wires of a telephone system. There may be no alternative circuit, in which case communication is permanently cut off; or it may be possible for a devious hook-up to take place, eventually restoring contact.

Some of these pathways are unique —for example, the path from the eye to the back of the brain, concerned with vision. Cutting this path will cause permanent blindness. But speech may be lost by a stroke, and eventually return when the nerve discharges find new ways of reaching the muscles of the mouth and throat.

Many of our actions would be impossible if we did not know at any moment just where the parts of our body are. To shave, a man must know where his hand is in relation to his face. This is easier if he looks, but quite possible if he does not.

Our limbs in fact report to our brains their position in space, and the brain has a constantly changing picture of the posture of the body on which to act.

To maintain any posture, or to make one action follow smoothly on another, we have well-established circuits in the nerve pathways, which are called into action in turn as they are required.

This seems to work at two levels: an automatic level, located in the deeper parts of the brain; and a level at which we are aware of what is happening, when our actions are modified by impulses from our eyes or thoughts.

There was a case of a soldier wounded in the head, who had great difficulty in using his left arm. If told to touch his nose with his left forefinger, he could only grope towards it. But he could comb his hair and salute with the left hand with no difficulty at all, because these were automatic actions and his voluntary control did not enter into it.

The study of such cases has helped enormously to the understanding of how the brain works, and a great deal of help has been obtained from an instrument called the electroencephalograph. Electrodes are applied to different parts of the head, and wires from them are led to a valve amplifier. The currents produced when brain cells are active can be recorded as a graph on moving paper.

Epileptic's spiky waves

When a normal person is at rest, with his eyes closed, the graph shows a steady rhythm of electrical discharges at a rate of ten a second. These are called alpha waves. But any mental activity at once disturbs the rhythm and produces a highly irregular pattern.

A patient who is having an epileptic fit, in which the cells are sending out violent discharges, produces a rapid series of big spiky waves. In the case of a brain tumour, the cells near the tumour are unable to work properly, and their discharge is less than normal and at a lower frequency. This shows on the graph and enables the surgeon to locate the site of the tumour.

This means that all our thoughts, skills, experiences, actions and sensations are accompanied by patterns of activity in our brain cells and by corresponding impulses sent along nerve pathways. By repetition, these patterns become established and automatic.

A learner-driver is conscious of the details of gear changing, but the expert goes through the motions automatically. The result is that when part of a man's brain is damaged, there may be some immediate physical disorder such as loss of power in a limb.

He has really lost an automatic, acquired skill, and the rest of his brain is striving to set up new patterns, which have to be learned afresh, and new pathways, if these are available.

In time the person who has had a stroke can walk and talk again, but for a while he is rather like a toddler just learning these things. And treating brain disorders is complicated by the fact that brains vary in quality.

A highly intelligent, well-educated person will often recover much more quickly than a more stupid man who has been content all his life with a few set habits and ideas, and has had no practice in forming new ones.

One of the big advances is in the treatment of cerebral haemorrhage. For many years it was accepted that only time could decide the outcome of a stroke. The patient might lapse into a coma and die, or there might be a slow recovery leaving, doubtless, some disability such as a paralysed leg. The neuro-surgeon now refuses to accept this fatalistic view. If haemorrhage can be dealt with successfully in other parts of the body, why not in the brain?

Not a hopeless case now

In one case a woman of forty was suddenly struck down with intense headache, vomiting, loss of consciousness and shock. A hollow needle introduced into the spinal canal drew off bloodstained cerebro-spinal fluid.

She had, in fact, a subarachnoid haemorrhage, which means there was bleeding somewhere between the brain and the membrane covering it. The extra pressure of this, walled up in the unyielding skull, caused the trouble.

Such a haemorrhage is usually due to the bursting of an aneurism — a dilated pouch—on one of the arteries at the base of the brain. Until about ten years ago there was nothing for such cases, except skilled nursing and hope.

But this case was not regarded as

In short

Note From The Head

Herbert is a very unusual child and I wish I could devote more time to considering the interesting problems he presents. He is certainly something quite new in my experience.

Most teachers have met children who are embarrassingly generous. One often wishes that they would not buy presents they cannot afford.

Herbert is unique in not buying things from shops but from the advertisements in the papers he reads, and he particularly favours cures of one sort and another.

He has embarrassed Miss Help by treating her to a Course on Overcoming Blushing, and Mr. Hexter does not really appreciate the gift of a book called *How To Make Your Body Manly*.

I think Herbert gets rather a lot of pocket-money for a boy of his age and I am sure it would be all the better for him if you could cut it down. No eleven-year-old should be able to treat his headmaster to twenty postal lessons intended to fit him for a better class of work.

I cannot imagine where he found the advertisement of his present for Miss Jones. She has already burned ten plain envelopes and there are apparently still forty to come. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Your Wife Or Your Mum

What's snugger
Than rugger,
When you're huddling in a scrum?

What's gayer
Than a player
Bent down cuddling his chum?

If the other team gets shirty
Or your shirt looks filthy dirty,
All is washed out,
Smoothed out,
Ironed out,
Soothed out
By your wife or by your Mum.

JEAN BEAVAN

Autumn

Curling leaves,
Colder breeze,
Dog lead,
Harris tweed,
Autumn.

Shorter days,
Wireless plays,
Tot of rum,
Chrysanthemum,
Autumn.

Thick socks,
Change clocks,
Homing rooks,
Library books,
Autumn.

Long hike,
Oiling bike,
Dam fills,
Coal bills,
Autumn.

Owl hoots,
Football boots,
Yellow moon,
Christmas soon,
Autumn.

Autumn's nip,
Autumn's zip,
Autumn fruits,
Autumn *suits*.

JOHN R. TAYLOR

Sally

You never know what next with Sally. I just popped in, as I sometimes do, and there she was—flat on her back on the floor—apparently unable to move. After a time she came to and told me she was practising. Practising what, I said. Yogi?

Relaxation The Right Way, she said. You had to believe your arms and legs had dropped off, your spine had dissolved and your head was making a hole in the carpet. When you were dismembered and decapitated you thought of nothing and a floating feeling came over you. Last of all you convinced yourself you were sinking through the floor.

Actually, Sally said, she quite enjoyed it, especially the feeling of floating about and thinking of nothing, though it was tricky enough when she was always being interrupted by the milkman, baker, postman or me.

But the big snag was the bit about sinking through the floor. It terrified her so, lying there and trying to remember whether she kept the Colegleem nuts or the empty lemon squash bottles directly underneath, and wondering which would hurt more if she fell on them, that her whole body went rigid and every muscle tensed up like a coiled spring.

And how could anyone relax, she would like to know, with such dreadful threats hanging over her—or under?

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

New windows into your brain

continued from previous page

hopeless. A substance opaque to X-rays was injected into an artery, and pictures taken showed the site of the burst aneurism. The woman's skull was opened, the small artery was found and tied off with a ligature, and the blood clot was removed. Although the woman was seriously ill for some weeks she eventually made a good recovery.

Not all strokes are due to haemorrhage. Many are due to thrombosis—clotting of blood in a vessel. Others are due to embolism—a clot arriving in the circulation from elsewhere, often from a diseased heart, and plugging up a vessel. When there is haemorrhage, it may have taken place deep in the substance of the brain.

A man of thirty suddenly developed a severe headache, and almost immediately lost the use of his left leg, and had weakness in his left arm. An electrocardiogram showed the same slow waves on the right side of his brain as are often seen in cases of tumour, but the sudden onset made haemorrhage more likely.

Made a complete recovery

X-ray, after injection of opaque fluid, showed a dilated blood vessel right inside the brain, from which the bleeding had come. An operation was performed, clearing away a mass of clotted blood, leaving a ragged hole in its place. The bleeding was stopped, and the skull and scalp stitched back into place. The patient made a complete recovery except for a slight limp.

Epilepsy, so long a mystery, is now known to be due to actual physical damage to the brain, the form it takes varying with the locality of the damage.

One cause of epilepsy is damage due to injury at a difficult birth. Another is the formation of minute clots in some of the smaller blood vessels, which can happen in a feverish illness. The brain will not tolerate any deficiency in its oxygen supply, and damage can result from severe anaemia, carbon monoxide poisoning, or even a choking attack.

Head injury or the onset of a tumour may happen in middle age, and in elderly people, hardening of the arteries may lead to patches in the brain with insufficient oxygen. As all these things can happen to people who do not become epileptic, there is probably a hereditary tendency as well.

Now that we know the cause it is sometimes possible to cure an epileptic by surgery. James Paley was a bank cashier, involved in a hold-up, during which he was coshed on the head. He was unconscious for twenty-four hours, and X-rays showed a small fracture of the skull. This healed well and he made a good recovery.

A few months later he had a fit, and was admitted to hospital for an overhaul. Examination suggested that there was pressure on a small area of the brain under the old fracture.

An operation found that, while the skull had healed well, there had been bruising of the brain, and a small area of clotted blood and toughened brain tissue was removed. His fits have not returned, and he is in perfect health.

In most cases of epilepsy there is no such clear-cut story to indicate just where the damage is, but it can sometimes be located with the electroencephalograph. Removing a part of the brain in this way sounds a very drastic procedure which might be expected to cause permanent trouble.

But the brain acts as a whole. Unless irreplaceable pathways are destroyed, other parts of the brain will take over and, after a time, there will be no sign either in intelligence or ability that some brain substance has been lost.

In many epileptic cases surgery is impossible, either because of the difficulty of location or because damage is too widespread. But powerful drugs can now be used to prevent fits.

A disease which is much in people's minds at present is poliomyelitis, which is a virus infection of the muscle-controlling cells in the spinal cord. The paralysis of polio differs from that of a stroke or a brain tumour.

A patient who has had a stroke may make a fairly good recovery, and may be seen walking about with a stick, her gait somewhat jerky, her muscles rather rigid and difficult to control. Another, who has had polio, may have to get about in a wheel chair because he cannot use his legs at all.

The reason is that impulses from the brain do not go directly to the muscles. They end at relay stations in the spinal cord, where the end of a nerve fibril from the brain activates a fresh nerve cell whose fibril goes to the limb. In the case of a stroke, it is the top pathway which gets interfered with. The nerve cell in the cord receives no messages from the brain, but can continue to act automatically by itself.

Tickling the patient's foot will cause her leg to draw up, because the motor cell has received a message from the sensory nerve in the skin and acts on it. In the case of polio, the nerve cell in the cord is damaged, and can pass nothing on, neither can it act on its own initiative. No messages of any kind can reach the muscles, which remain limp.

Fortunately all the cells affected at the beginning of a polio attack are not permanently damaged. Some manage to recover. The final permanent paralysis is never as severe as would appear in the first week of the illness.

So far we have no antibiotic which will kill the polio virus. Special hospitals concentrate on keeping breathing going with iron lungs when necessary, and in using splints, physiotherapy and re-education, so as to confine the damage to those cells permanently destroyed, while giving every opportunity to those merely temporarily affected to come into full use again.

Hopes at present are centred on the anti-polio vaccine. This is made from a mixture of several strains of the virus which have been killed by formalin. Being dead, these strains cannot cause an attack. But they contain enough of the polio toxin to stimulate the body to form its own defences when infection does eventually come along.

Giving vaccine by mouth

A successful large-scale trial has recently been made in Africa of a vaccine which can be given by mouth. This is not a killed virus, but an "attenuated" one. Viruses kept away from their natural human hosts and grown on culture media in laboratories slowly lose their virulence, as might a tiger lose its fierceness if fed on vegetables.

The idea is to give people an attack of polio in such a mild form that they have no symptoms, are not ill but develop enough immunity to protect them. The evidence is that it works.

Generally, disease is thought of as being closely associated with dirt and prevented by cleanliness. Polio is an exception. It is a disease of the clean, highly developed countries. The reason is that in backward countries, where there is more dirt, the virus is widespread and attacks all the babies. They have it very mildly and recover, permanently immune.

In Britain, where babies are washed and isolated, they do not get the attack, only to get polio in epidemic form in the late teens or early twenties when young adults mix together in camps, schools, or ships. The U.S.A. with its high standards of hygiene, suffers most from polio.

Any disease of the brain or spinal cord is fraught with danger and anxiety. But never a day passes but research and discovery drive back a little farther the forces of injury and disease.

All parts of the body benefit from the broad and intense attack which goes on in hospitals and laboratories all over the world, and nowhere along this immense battle line is the fight fought with more strength and vigour than to save that power-house of all thought and action—the human brain. THE END

The centre court tiger finds it tough at the top

by JOHN BALLANTINE

Lew Hoad smashed a grim way through Wimbledon. But that was just a tea party. Now he plays in a tennis jungle where good losers end up bankrupt

As one of the world's richest athletes, Lewis Alan Hoad had every reason to feel dissatisfied with himself at Eastbourne last month.

In the semi-finals of the Slazenger lawn tennis tournament, the blond, muscular Australian, who turned professional after winning Wimbledon for the second time last year, missed an easy chance to beat Tony Trabert of America.

Leading by five games to four in the final set with his service to come, Hoad won only two more points as he went down surprisingly in the next three games.

He thereby suffered yet another defeat in the globe-girdling tennis "circus" which his fellow travellers call "cross-country rat races."

Yet Hoad displayed complete unconcern as he went for tea with his wife, Jenny, aged twenty-four, and two-year-old daughter Jane. "That was the sixth time in twelve months that I've led Trabert five-four in a final set and lost," he remarked casually.

Turning to his wife, a former Australian junior tennis champion, who had not seen the match, Hoad grinned and told her: "You didn't miss anything, sweetie. It was miserable playing in that cold and damp."

In fourteen months with the "circus," and despite his many beatings, the brawny, poker-faced Australian, who hits a tennis ball as though he hates it and yet wears a permanent expression of bland innocence, has already earned much more than the £44,700 guaranteed to him on a twenty-five month contract in July last year by promoter Jack Kramer.

This week Lew Hoad and three other ex-Wimbledon singles champions who turned professional, are playing on a green, wooden court laid on the ice in Wembley's Empire Pool. The prize money of £7,500 is the most ever offered in a European tournament.

To Hoad and his fellow professionals, tennis courts must seem to be surfaced with gold. Under the management of Kramer, who has earned at least £500,000 since cashing in on his Wimbledon win in 1947, professional tennis players today earn as much as boxing champions, matadors and motor racing drivers.

EACH of the seven leading professionals appearing at Wembley this week is making at least £35,000 a year. As Francisco ("Pancho") Segura of Ecuador, who at thirty-seven is the "old man" of Kramer's troupe, says: "It's better than working."

On tour Hoad gets twenty-five per cent of Kramer's share of "gate money" if he loses and thirty per cent if he wins.

With another eleven months of his contract to run, Hoad's first two years as a professional should bring him in about £100,000 clear of income tax and expenses.

"Every one of my hundred professional matches has been tougher than any match I played as an amateur," says Hoad.

After Hoad had beaten his countryman, Ashley Cooper, in fifty-seven minutes with the loss of only five games at Wimbledon last year, experienced critics called him one of the greatest champions of all time.

Yet, so superior is the professional game, that when Hoad went to America the following month, he lost ten of his first sixteen matches. His worst defeat was losing in two sets to Dinny Pails, the veteran Australian.

"Hoad's strokes were loose and his temperament was bad," says Segura. "It was like putting a lamb into a cage of lions. We butchered him, but he learned quick."

Hoad was still learning at Wembley last September when he was beaten very easily by Kramer, who no longer considers himself a serious competitor.

But as Hoad is the most recent amateur champion to turn professional, the players accept that he is due for the major share of profits from the present world tour.

The percentages are split up thus: Hoad, twenty-five per cent; Rosewall, Trabert and Segura, fifteen per cent each; Kramer, five per cent; and Pat Hughes, Kramer's European representative, and his associates, ten per cent.

For Wembley, Pancho Gonzales, the professional champion of the world, negotiates his own contract.

The other fifteen per cent is split up into incentive bonuses for winning matches.

IMPRESSED by the number of multi-millionaires in America, his attractive, fair-haired wife, Jenny, humorously calls his earnings "chicken feed."

When she joined her husband in America in May, Mrs. Hoad discovered that most of the professional players are acute hypochondriacs.

"They carry enough potions to start chemists' shops—pep pills and vitamin pills, pills for sleeping and pills for waking up," she says.

Segura, who has a longing "to stop rushing about the world chasing a tennis ball," admits that he drugs himself against aches and pains in big matches. Hoad and Kramer dose themselves with cortisone for arthritic backs.

The players snatch hurried meals and a few hours' sleep at motels when driving several hundred miles from one town to another in two station wagons. Four players go through about seven thousand balls, fifty rackets and forty pairs of shoes in a six-month spell of matches.

After each exhibition or tournament each player receives a full report, listing how many seats were sold at what prices, percentages, winning bonuses and expenses.

The reports are handed over by the professionals to their own accountants for checking.

The players are normally paid in dollars, even in Europe.

Allegations that professional matches are sometimes "fixed" to whip up public interest are completely untrue.

"The big boys hate like hell to lose, not only because it affects their percentages, but because they've been trained that way," says Peter Cawthorne, an Australian professional who works in Europe and has made continental tours with Gonzales and company.

Cawthorne recalls that, after Gonzales had won only five games against Frank Sedgman in the Wembley final of 1953, the big, swarthy-skinned American turned their European tour into "a revenge war" and took no interest in doubles.

"He kept needling Sedgman in little ways," says Cawthorne. "At meals, Gonzales would point to Sedgman's food and say, 'You can't expect to beat me on those vitamins.'"

"Once, when I beat Kramer, he

The centre court tiger finds it tough at the top

continued from previous page

wouldn't speak to me for a fortnight, until we played again and he won," says Segura.

On another occasion, during the Gonzales-Trabert tour of America in 1956, Kramer had arranged to play a one-set exhibition match against Sedgman. The professionals call this second-feature match "the animals' act."

Sedgman won and the furious Kramer insisted on playing another set, which he won.

Kramer is the only player to have beaten Gonzales decisively on a world tour. He defeated him in 1950 by ninety-four matches to twenty-nine.

Gonzales, who has been the world's top professional for four years, has one of the most powerful games ever seen—his service has been timed at one hundred and twenty miles an hour—and he covers the court very quickly for such a big man.

Off court Gonzales, like most of the professionals, is polite and intelligent, with a vivid manner and sense of humour.

At Scarborough in 1952 for the Slazenger tournament, he was entertaining himself idly one morning on the billiard table of his hotel. A Yorkshire holidaymaker, who did not know him, asked for a game. Gonzales won a frame of snooker easily.

The visitor, piqued, asked the world champion if he played any other games. "I play a little tennis," replied Gonzales modestly.

"Right, I'll take thee on for a fiver at that," the Yorkshireman said brashly.

"That is a wager," Gonzales answered with a smile, "which I would be happy to take if I had the time."

SOME hours later, in the tournament, Gonzales was a set and several games down to Don Budge, the great American player who was ten years past his best. With the scar on his cheek gleaming white with anger and frustration, Gonzales tore into Budge, shouting: "Pancho, are you gonna let an old fellow beat you?" and finally beat him.

With so much tennis between so few players, clashes of temperament are inevitable. While playing in France in 1956 against Rex Hartwig, of Australia, Gonzales, who had received some bad line calls, sat down on the court and refused to play.

"You can't take it, Pancho," Hartwig called across the net.

Gonzales leaped to his feet, crying "I'll kill you," and beat Hartwig easily.

On another occasion, during a match in Paris against Tony Trabert, Gonzales was so irritated by the time Trabert was taking to towel himself at the umpire's chair, that he pushed a linesman off a chair and sat down until his rival had changed ends and was completely ready at the baseline.

Gonzales and Trabert developed a dislike for each other on their tour. Once in America they nearly brawled in a dressing-room. Attendants at Wembley last year were careful to give them separate changing-rooms.

The professionals rarely gamble on matches and rarely have the courage to bet on themselves. "During my tour with Gonzales, Trabert made four bets of five pounds on results of our matches," recalls Hoad. "He lost every time."

Living so closely together, professional players play practical jokes to break the monotony. On one of his American tours with Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry went along one night to the court where they were due to play the next day and bribed workmen to paint the service lines six inches nearer the net.

"Ellie never could work out why he didn't get in one of his cannonball serves throughout the match," says Perry.

The main appeal of professional tennis is in the contrasting styles of the players. Hoad, Gonzales and Trabert are power players who slug it out on court like toe-to-toe fighters in the ring.

Rosewall and Sedgman rely on sheer speed of foot, while Kramer plays tennis with a teutonic efficiency that is heartbreaking for opponents.

Once, when Kramer was playing a practice match against the 1951 Wimbledon champion, Dick Savitt, he hit twenty or thirty outright winners. Finally, the despairing Savitt got the top edge of his racket to one ball which went shooting up over the stand.

Kramer turned to the crowd and said: "Gee, I must be slipping. He almost reached that one."

Francisco Segura is perhaps the most popular figure in the game. With his awkward but effective two-handed forehand, the dark-skinned, black-haired little man from Ecuador scuttles about the Wembley court on bandy legs like a tarantula on a barn floor.

He amuses crowds by chastising himself into greater efforts by slapping his legs and chest loudly and uttering his war-cry "Pancho!"

HE never won a major amateur title, and turned professional in 1947 long before he reached his peak as a player.

"Although he is now past his best, Segura would win Wimbledon from the current crop of top amateurs, probably without losing a set," says Cawthorne. "He is the only one of the professionals who makes me feel that he is giving me any games I win against him."

Either Hoad or Rosewall is likely to succeed Gonzales when the world champion gives up the game completely to devote himself to driving and tinkering with his sports cars in California.

Rosewall, winner of the last Wembley and Slazenger tournaments, is the only player who could thwart Hoad's ambition to become the world professional champion. Hoad has never been able to dominate Rosewall on court as he does off it.

When Hoad made his discouraging start in professionalism last summer, Kramer and his players urged on and coached "the kid," as they call the twenty-three year old Australian, so effectively that, when he began his marathon tour with Gonzales in January, he was in top form.

AT one stage Hoad led Gonzales by eighteen matches to nine. But the world champion won finally by fifty-one matches to thirty-six.

Professional tennis, once frowned upon by amateur bodies, has attracted so many of the world's best players since the war, that it is endangering the popularity of the amateur game.

When Hoad, Trabert, Segura and Rosewall played at Eastbourne five weeks ago, at least five singles matches there were held by critics to have been better than anything seen at Wimbledon this year.

Since Fred Perry won his third Wimbledon title in 1936, seven out of fourteen Wimbledon singles champions have turned professional. Four of them, Jack Kramer (1947), Frank Sedgman (1952), Tony Trabert (1955) and Lew Hoad (1956 and 1957) are playing currently at Wembley.

In 1952 the Lawn Tennis Association showed good timing in giving its blessing to Wembley professional tennis and donating a singles trophy.

In the final that year Gonzales beat Sedgman in an exciting match of three and a quarter hours, which kept ten thousand spectators in their seats until nearly 1 a.m. and caused the B.B.C. to take the unprecedented step of holding back the midnight TV news.

Seats for the last three days of this year's Wembley tournament were sold out three months ago.

Amateur associations, who are always suspending or warning amateur players and tournament committees for receiving or giving over-generous expenses, are moving smartly to capitalize on professional tournaments.

The New South Wales Association lost £2,000 in staging the Australian amateur championships over a fortnight in Sydney in January.

It recouped its losses by receiving a "cut" of about £3,500 from two professional tournaments, featuring Hoad and Gonzales, which drew nearly £20,000 in two nights.

Professional players' prospects have never been brighter. Hoad won £4,750 prize-money in two tournaments in Sydney and Melbourne this year. He plays well in Australia and reckons that the best match of his career was the one on grass at Melbourne in January when he beat Gonzales 19—17 in a fourth set in three hours.

Next March four tournaments, worth £10,000 each in prize-money, will be staged in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide.

Wimbledon authorities gave a firm "no" this year to Kramer's hints that he would like to promote professional tennis on the centre court. But it may not be long before general dissatisfaction at underhand payments in amateur tennis brings about "open" tournaments.

WHEN that happens, as in table tennis, amateurs and professionals will simply become "players," who can be paid whatever tournament authorities think they are worth.

"The threat to 'circus' tennis of the coming of the open tournament, together with doctors telling me that I might shortly have to give up the game because of my back injury, finally decided me to sign Kramer's contract," says Hoad.

Hoad was born in Glebe, Sydney, on November 23, 1934, twenty-one days after Rosewall, his life-long rival, was born in Hurstville on the other side of the city.

Together they dominated Australian junior tennis and, in 1953, successfully took over the defence of the Davis Cup from Sedgman and Ken McGregor, who had turned professional. The same year the boys also won the Wimbledon doubles title, and in 1954 Rosewall was runner-up at Wimbledon to Jaroslav Drobny.

In 1955 Kramer offered Hoad and Rosewall £20,000 each to turn professional. The youngsters actually signed an agreement with him, but later, when they changed their minds, the American promoter was unable to make their contracts binding as they were under age.

In 1956 Hoad won the Australian, French and Wimbledon titles and looked like becoming the first player to equal Budge's feat of winning the four major titles—until Rosewall beat him in the American final. Rosewall then turned professional for a £32,000 guarantee from Kramer.

Hoad's unexpected decision to turn professional, after signing an agreement with the Australian Lawn Tennis Association to stay amateur until after this year's Australian championships, made him very unpopular with amateur officials.

Sir Norman Brookes, a former president of the Australian L.T.A., commented: "Hoad could not have done this in a shabbier way," and urged his association to sue Hoad.

LEW HOAD replies: "I'd been playing tennis since I was sixteen for the association. I've got another daughter now, Sally Ann, aged six months, and I figure it's about time I made some money for myself."

Off court, Hoad is almost an exact opposite of the sulky character the crowd knows.

Although he may prove to be the problem boy of professional tennis during the next few years, he has a sense of humour which could see him through.

When a reporter asked him why he sulked and pulled faces on court, Hoad replied: "When other guys make bad shots I don't see them doing a dance or playing a banjo." THE END

Lew Hoad's attractive wife, Jenny, who is twenty-four, knows a champion's problems. She was once Australia's top tennis junior

Should we curb the power of the press?

Among A. J. Cronin's books are some of the great best sellers of our time—'The Stars Look Down,' 'Hatter's Castle,' 'The Citadel' and 'The Keys of the Kingdom'

A. J. CRONIN

describes the birth of his great new novel

I HAVE been asked to introduce my new novel, *The Northern Light*, to the readers of JOHN BULL, and to explain how I came to write it. This book—in my own view the most dramatic and suspenseful I have yet written—came to being through the fusion of two ideas.

For a long time, maturing in my mind, there had been a desire to portray the struggle of an ordinary individual, a man of high principle, not perfect, mind you, but basically a sound, decent citizen, against overwhelming forces exerted upon him by powerful adversaries in some sudden and unforeseen circumstance of his life.

I saw such a man very clearly as the main character of this novel. He was a quiet sort of fellow, tending toward middle age, with good taste and a sense of humour, somewhat sentimental perhaps, and married, with two children, living in a medium-sized conservative north-country town called Hedleston. In fact, he grew upon me—I heard him speak, became familiar with his mannerisms and habits, caught the varying inflections of his laugh. I had even given him a name—I called him Henry Page. But what was he? What did he do? And what sort of trouble, what opposition was he going to run into? To these essential questions I could not seem to find the answer.

Quite independent of this theme, I had wanted for some years to write the story of a woman who had made a bad mistake when quite young, and had fully paid for it. Despite her misfortune, she had succeeded in creating a new and satisfactory life for herself, in a different part of the country. The past seemed wiped out. And then suddenly she finds herself confronted by the possibility of the revelation of her lapse, and by all the horrors of exposure.

I saw this woman just as clearly as I saw Henry Page—still young, not more than twenty-seven, tall, dark-eyed, warm-hearted and attractive, happy in her new environment, but with an anxiety to please and a sense of inner tension which gave some evidence of past suffering. By design, her origins were obscure but she came, obviously, from the working class, a fact betrayed by certain shortcomings of speech. I had named her Cora Bates.

Although these two characters, more or less fully formed, together with the separate dramas of their existence, were alive in my subconscious mind, I did not think of reconciling them until gradually another factor came into play to suggest the intermingling of their destinies and the inevitable and dramatic results which might ensue.

Over a period of years I had observed with regret how many small, individual and worthy provincial newspapers were going out of existence. This seemed to me a great pity.

At the same time, in common with other writers, I had become increasingly aware of certain irresponsible tendencies manifested by the more popular sections of the national press, mainly in the direction of an over-exploitation of crime, sex and sensationalism, and also in the intensification of what one might broadly term abuse of power. It appeared to me, indeed, that the power inherent in a vast newspaper circulation, with its immense capacity for good or evil had, when misapplied, an alarming potentiality for harm. In following this up I had come across several instances of hurt, both mental and material, inflicted by a disregard of human feelings and by ruthless interference with the rights and privacy of the individual.

An actress was hounded

About this time, for instance, my attention was directed to the systematic harassment of a well-known film actress who, as far as I am concerned, shall be nameless. Wherever this poor woman went, at the airport, the railway station, the hotel, even in her own apartment, she was hounded by reporters seeking some further lurid or sensational disclosures on her marital difficulties with which to titillate their public, until in despair she wept: "For God's sake, why must you interfere with my private life? Why can't you leave me alone?"

The injustice of this kind of persecution impressed me deeply. It furnished evidence of a certain type of reporter, a man capable of shameless invasion of privacy who would stop at nothing to obtain or even to invent his copy. There and then I decided to make a reporter of this stamp responsible for Cora's exposure and for the subsequent tragedy which threatened her.

Now I want at this point to emphasize that I have no hard feeling towards the fourth estate—the entire theme of my book upholds the reputable, intelligent press, for which I have a sincere respect. It has been, in fact, my privilege to contribute to many of the world's periodicals and to number among my friends many of the honourable men who follow the profession of journalism. There are great papers and great editors with a sense of public duty and high standards of integrity.

But this does not blind one to the fact that there exists in certain quarters a deliberate policy of exploiting the more lurid features of the day and of offering to the public the garbage of the news.

These strongly felt views which I have briefly expressed had taken me into the field of newspapers, and now the scheme and structure of my novel fell into place. I saw Henry Page as the proprietor and owner of a small but truly reputable provincial daily paper, the *Northern Light*, a paper noted for its integrity, honesty and truthful presentation of the news—which had been in his family for no less than five generations.

As the action opens, Page has been startled to receive an offer to purchase his paper from the owner of one of a group of city papers, the *Daily Gazette*. This newspaper, which is, of course, purely imaginary, I represented as a type notorious for its commercialism and violent sensationalism. Page, naturally, refuses to sell; his paper is his life and he will never give it up.

And so there begins a fight by the *Gazette* for possession of the *Northern Light*, a struggle which becomes progressively more desperate and which builds up finally to a sequence of events charged with fatal intensity.

The owner of the *Gazette*, Vernon Somerville, is the instigator of the campaign against the *Northern Light*, yet Henry's real adversaries are the men sent to Hedleston to carry on the fight.

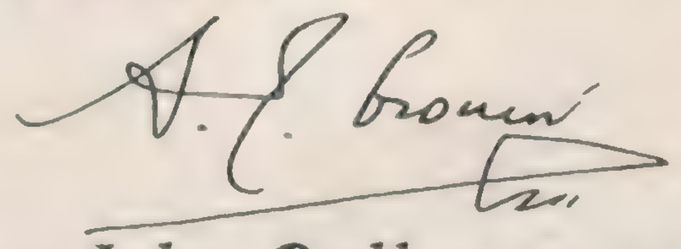
One of these is the reporter Leonard Nye, the other, Harold Smith, a complex figure, a man basically honest, with the best intentions in the world, but with a strain of weakness in his character which, under pressure, leads to his gradual disintegration and in the end to a terrible dilemma.

Alice Page, Henry's weak and foolish wife, David, his neurotic son, Dorothy, his self-centred young daughter, all have their part in this drama, but it is in the interaction of four main protagonists, Page, Nye, Smith and Cora, that the real story lies.

What the public wants

Now it was never my intention to promote controversy or to produce that invitation to boredom, "a novel with a purpose." When I wrote *The Citadel* I had no premeditated design of operating on Harley Street; so, too, in this instance, I did not set out to remove Fleet Street's gall bladder. Fleet Street, if it is to survive, must sell its wares and the justification of the popular press is that it is merely giving the public exactly what the public wants. Nevertheless, I will not deny that in the *Northern Light* the drama takes certain persuasive turns which may perhaps have their specific effects upon the reader.

The freedom of the press is a priceless possession. But liberty is not licence, nor does freedom exist in order to dredge the news for its most unsavoury features or to over-exploit the shock technique of sex, crime, personal invective and keyhole cheesecake; in short to lower progressively the national standards of intelligence and good taste—and all for the sole purpose that newspaper proprietors should grow rich. When the decencies of life are thus trangressed and such excesses have come to be regarded by most responsible people as a serious social problem, surely it is time to suggest, in the mildest possible manner, that we call a halt.



'THE NORTHERN LIGHT' will begin in John Bull next week

Down

"Fly now and again—at weekends," she said. He shook his head : "I must just break the habit"

to Earth

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY EILEEN WALTON

For Pamela's sake he'd sell chemicals and give up flying. But not for anything would he be bullied

The Auster jerked as if it had been hit, and then settled back on course. Roger Marshall lifted a tired arm and wiped the sweat off his face. Fresh beads prickled on his forehead immediately. His shirt was sticking clammily to his back; his feet were hot weights on the rudder bar.

Outside, the flat, monotonous land, baked under its haze of heat, slid beneath him. The continually rising currents of warm air bucked the Auster in an unceasing series of bumps and slaps. He changed hands on the control column, and slid his other forearm across his face. The cabin was like a noisy greenhouse, vibrating with the roar of the engine. His eyes ached with staring into the glare. There was the ever-present, elusive smell of oil.

Marshall scarcely glanced at his compass. After three years out here, he could find his way back to the airstrip without noticing that he was doing it.

He turned over the huddled group of buildings and came in on his final approach. This landing, his last landing, had to be a good one. He eased the stick back, back, the ground skimming below, and then cut the throttle. The Auster dropped, hesitated, rose a little into the air, and dropped again with an awkward rolling movement. It was a rotten landing. Marshall slammed the flaps up, turned and taxied to the dispersal area.

A mechanic strolled over, his overalls open nearly to the waist. Marshall said: "There she is then, Scotty. All in one piece. Just."

Scotty said: "Off on leave, then?"

"Pamela's finishing the packing now."

"Six months' leave on full pay, eh?" Scotty sighed. "Wish it was me."

"You'll be going soon."

"I've got another year yet. Are you coming back?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Fed up with crop dusting?"

Marshall was so sick of it he could hardly bear to think of it. Take off, stagger into the air, fly low and slow; land, refuel, take off, fly low and slow; land, refuel, take off. . . ."

In his time, three aircraft had gone too low or too slow, and finished as shattered heaps of wreckage. Boredom? Monotony? Carelessness? The epitaph didn't much matter.

Marshall said: "I'm tired, I suppose. But it's the family mainly."

"It's flying, though." Scotty reached out and touched the wing of the Auster with an odd, affectionate gesture. "Once you've been around these things . . ." He looked at Marshall thoughtfully. "Still, I suppose you can fly somewhere else than this . . . this oven."

"I've only ever flown fighters and light aircraft," Marshall said. "This is about the only flying job I can do, so it's got to be something else. I can always sell vacuum cleaners." He glanced at his watch. "Lord, I must go and help Pam."

Pamela looked weary and washed out. She said irritably: "You're too late."

"I'm sorry. I had to do an extra run."

"Well, I've about finished."

Marshall said quietly: "I'm going to have a drink. Would you like one?"

"That's the inevitable recipe out here, isn't it? Have a drink." But she relaxed a little and smiled. "Still, I'd like one."

Marshall made the drinks with plenty of ice and not much gin. He wandered around looking at the dust-sheeted furniture. "It doesn't look much like home now."

"It never has been home." She stretched luxuriously. "I can hardly believe we'll be back in England in two days' time. . . . Roger"—her eyes focused on him intently—"we're not coming back, are we? Back here, I mean?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't quite thought it out yet."

"But we've been over it all before," she said unhappily. "Take the children, apart from anything else. John is too young to go to boarding school, and I'm sure this climate isn't good for Ann. She's only five, after all."

He grinned at her. "You know perfectly well that John would love boarding school, and that Ann has the time of her life here."

She began to walk to and fro, her arms folded. "Yes, but is it good for them? And then there's this dreadful house. . . . Oh, I know it's a new bungalow, beautifully furnished, fitted with every conceivable gadget. But it's not ours. We've just lodged here. I want a home. A place of my own."

He said awkwardly: "I know."

"I want to belong somewhere. I want to settle. I want my family to have roots."

Roger said: "It's really a question of what else I can do. When we get back, I'll go and see Bell."

London was grey and busy, noisy and familiar—like the face of a friend not seen for years. Roger strolled through the crowded streets, savouring the bustle. He glanced at his watch, quickened his step, and turned into his head office as the clock struck eleven.

Bell was cordial, waved him into an armchair, and gave him a cigarette. Roger said: "I appreciate your giving me an appointment at such short notice."

Bell chuckled. "It must be important. What is it? The terms of your next contract?"

Roger stared at the carpet. "Not exactly. I don't want to take up your time with the reasons . . . but I don't think I shall be renewing my contract."

Bell leaned both elbows on his desk. "I expect I could make a pretty good guess at the reasons. This feeling isn't unusual, you know, at the end of a three-year tour. It's pretty tough out there. We know that. That's one reason why the pay is so high. Why don't you just take your leave—have a rest, relax? Forget about flying, heat and dust. Then see how you feel."

Roger said: "If I'm going to make a change, I should want to use my leave to make a start."

"I'll be honest, Marshall. I have reason to be very reluctant to release you at this stage. What about the flying? Won't you miss that?"

"Flying is all I know," Roger admitted. "And I realize that I might have to come back to you and beg for a job. But I didn't want you to rely on me going back."

Bill looked relieved. "In a sense, then, you haven't really made up your mind." He picked up a pencil and tapped it on the desk thoughtfully. "Would you be willing to look at a compromise solution?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're staying somewhere near Bournemouth, aren't you?"

"My wife's parents live there. We're renting a house at Ferndown."

Bell nodded. "Have you ever thought of being a salesman?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"In this case you do." Bell pushed his chair back, and went over to the map of England that hung on one wall. "You probably know that we sell chemicals to industrial users, farmers, retail outlets and so on. Most of those chemicals you've handled already. You know something about them.

"Now then"—he ran his finger round a line traced in red—"we're short of a salesman in the Wessex area: Hampshire, Dorset, Wiltshire—where you're living, in fact." Bell went round his desk and sat down again. "What I'm suggesting is that you take over that area on a temporary basis. See how you get on. See if you like it."

Roger was trying to collect himself. "That doesn't seem very fair on the firm."

Bell waved his hand. "You can't do any harm, if that's what you're thinking. We're trying to cover the area from London, but it's just stagnating. Frankly, it's a rough area. You can't make it worse, you can only improve it."

"Well——"

"The pay is regarded as good, but you can't expect to make what you did on flying."

Roger grinned helplessly. "I only hope I can justify it."

"I know you'll try, anyway." Bell stood up, and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Bell. I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"You may hate it, you know."

Roger said quietly: "I realize that."

Pamela was so utterly delighted that Roger pretended rather more enthusiasm than he really felt. Her pleasure in the little things—seeing him off in the morning in his sober lounge suit, having a hot meal ready for him when he came in, listening to his account of the routine day—was so deep that he tended it and fed it like a fragile plant.

Rather to his surprise, he didn't hate the work. He admitted to himself that it was new, and had the interest of any novel thing, but even so there were moments when he felt a deep satisfaction.

The first anxious days lengthened into weeks. The weeks steadied into a routine, and stretched into months.

Roger remembered his first order for a long time. It was for £15. It arrived in the post and he ripped the envelope open and sat staring at the order form for many minutes. It was a small sum, yet he could hardly believe that any words of his could have persuaded anybody to place an order. It gave him a strange feeling; a feeling of power, of force.

More orders followed: a trickle, a steady flow. They were not large. But Bell said: "Don't worry. You don't expect to start off in thousands or even hundreds. The big ones will come if you look after the little ones."

For quite a long time Roger had no other worries. Then, one morning, instead of climbing into his car and pressing the starter button, he found himself doing something different. He was standing quite still, his hand on the door handle, staring up into the sky. He was watching the fair weather cumulus clouds drift across the blue bowl of sky, and mentally assessing their height, the wind speed and direction, and the probable turbulence.

He dragged his eyes away, bowed himself into the car, and drove off. But something had happened. He was impatient with the smoothness and silence of the car, the smooth roundness of the steering wheel. He wanted the noise and bumpiness of the cabin, the twitching of a control column between his fingers, the sweep of a horizon before his eyes. Every nerve in his body ached, crying out for it. He wanted it badly, desperately almost uncontrollably. He stopped the car, snapped a cigarette from his case, and lit it. "This is just damn silly," he said, speaking aloud. "It'll wear off. A few days. It'll wear off."

It didn't wear off. It was an itch, a vice, an infection. It affected him so that he found himself having to apologize to Pamela for words snapped at her; pleading imaginary headaches; fighting a continual blanket of depression.

One evening, Pamela was sitting mending John's socks. Roger was sprawled in an armchair, reading the evening paper. They had said nothing to each other for some time, but that was not unusual any more.

Pamela bit off the thread, looked at the sock, and said in an unnaturally level voice: "Did you know there was a flying club near here?"

Roger folded the newspaper, lit a cigarette, and said warily: "Yes. I did."

She carried on with her mending, not looking at him. "Don't you think it would be a good idea if you joined? You could fly now and again at weekends."

He gazed at her, accepting with wonder the fact that this was not, as he had imagined, a

Down to earth

continued from previous page

private, personal worry. And somehow the burden became lighter and enabled him to say: "It's a good job I haven't got any really dark secrets. We've been married too long, my girl."

She smiled at him gratefully. "I know how you feel about flying. At least, I think I do."

For one second, it was as if he could see into her mind.

"It was the way you felt about coming back to England, wasn't it?" he said.

"I don't know about that."

But he was sure now. He could see her longing, her hunger, her dreadful ache of separation from something loved and missed. He said: "I sometimes feel I don't know you very well."

"It seems to me," she said, "that if you could only fly now and again. . . ."

"No." Roger shook his head. "No, it won't do. It would be like an alcoholic having an occasional drink. It's just a habit, and I've got to break it."

"Is it a habit? Or a way of living?" she asked, and there was fear in her voice.

THE tempo began to quicken. Bell telephoned. For once, he sounded almost excited.

"You know that tip you passed on about Esterby's?" he said.

"Yes."

"We've been working on it from head office. We've got an appointment for you next week. Would you like me to sit on it?"

"I'd be very grateful for your help."

"Esterby's are big stuff. If we can get them, it will make the Wessex area."

That evening Pamela said: "I saw the landlord today." She tried so hard to be casual and offhand, with very little success. "He is going to sell this house, and he asked if we would like to buy it."

"But I thought he was coming back here after the six months?"

"He's changed his mind. He's going to move to Devon, so he wants to sell. I said I didn't know if we would be interested, and he said to mention it to you. He wants to sell quickly, and he's going to ask three thousand five hundred. That's quite reasonable, isn't it?"

"H'm." Roger was surprised. "It seems rather cheap."

"That's what I thought." She looked with affection round the room. "I know it's an old house, but it's wonderful. The panelling, the oak beams. . . . I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but you can keep modern houses. I'd rather have this. . . . Oh"—she bit her lip and looked at Roger guiltily—"I didn't mean to say anything like that."

He smiled. "That's all right. I don't know if we can, but . . . we'll see."

"I'm not taking anything for granted, you know," Pamela said. "I've enjoyed these months. They've been like a marvellous holiday. If you decide that we ought to go overseas again, well, that's all right with me."

Roger gestured helplessly. "Bell never says whether he's pleased or not. I just don't know if I'll be able to keep this job. I'm trying, but I don't know if I'm good enough. . . ."

"Then there's flying," she said. "You haven't got over that, have you?"

"I suppose not. But I can't take that into account. That's purely selfish. . . ."

"Not at all." She said it firmly, decisively. "A man should do what he's fitted for, and that's usually what he wants to do. You want to fly. . . ."

But he knew it was words; words given like a sacrifice for his sake.

A couple of days before the big interview, Bell telephoned, his voice deep with worry. "Look," he said, "I'm terribly sorry, but there's been a bit of a mix-up on the Continent, and I've got to fly over to Holland and sort it out. I shan't be able to come to Esterby's with you. I'm afraid you'll have to handle it yourself."

"I'll do my best. But would you rather postpone it?"

The telephone crackled agitatedly. "No! These people are sticky. We've never been able to get an interview before. If we postpone it, we'll never get another one. No, you see to it. I couldn't do anything except lend moral support anyway."

"Right," Roger said. But he was highly doubtful.

"I'm expecting to get back to London Airport about four that afternoon. I shall pick up the car, and drive down to Bristol. I'd like to call at your house on the way. Will that be all right?"

"We'll be pleased to see you."

"There's just something I want to talk over with you briefly. You can tell me how it went at Esterby's at the same time."

Roger put the telephone down slowly. He realized that nothing, bad weather, engine failure, dust storms, nothing had ever made him feel so queasy as did the prospect of the forthcoming interview at Esterby's.

Esterby's factory group lay well to the north-east of Southampton. Roger was there early, and promptly to time he was shown up to Mr. Randolph's office.

Randolph was a dark, heavy man. He sat at his desk glowering up at Roger from under bushy eyebrows. He made no effort to rise, shake hands or offer Roger a chair.

Roger cleared his throat uneasily. "My name is Marshall. Mr. Bell from our head office was called over to Holland, and I. . . ."

"What a pity." The dark figure rose. "I was going to be very rude indeed to your Mr. Bell."

Roger groped. "I'm sorry, I. . . ."

Randolph held up one hand, tapping out his remarks on one finger. "I have been on holiday. Your people telephoned and spoke to my assistant, who is new at his job. They persuaded him to make an appointment for me—which he had no authority to do. I arrived back this morning to find that I had an interview which I did not want, on a day when I have no time to see anybody. Yes, sir, I had a great deal to say to Mr. Bell."

"I don't know what I can do except apologize. . . ."

RANDOLPH looked pointedly at his watch. "You can make sure that I am not late for my directors' meeting, which is in three minutes' time. I can give you three minutes precisely."

Roger stared at the man. He said slowly: "I represent my firm, Mr. Randolph, and so I must apologize for what can only be a misunderstanding. We do not indulge in questionable tactics to obtain interviews."

"You're wasting valuable sales time," Randolph put in sardonically.

Roger felt his neck begin to burn under his collar, but he controlled himself. He said quietly: "I have no right to be here at all. And in three minutes I can tell you nothing of value." He gestured towards the letter that lay prominently on the desk, a black line scored angrily across it. "You have our address. If ever you can spare half an hour, I shall be pleased to come and see you again." He looked at his watch. "Two minutes inside my limit. Goodbye, Mr. Randolph."

Randolph was talking on the telephone before he had shut the door.

Outside, Roger let go. He banged the door of the car, crashed it into gear, and drove off fast, very fast, his teeth clenched tight. Without slowing down, he took out his case, extracted a cigarette, snapped his lighter, and inhaled deeply. It tasted good.

Today he had two more calls to make. The moment of decision was now. Either he was going into this business all the way—or he would drop it this moment.

And as he put the question to himself, Roger knew his answer. There would be no more hesitations, no more playing at being a salesman. He wouldn't be beaten—this was his work now. Men like Randolph had better look out.

He grinned at himself, slackened speed, and threw his cigarette out of the window.

It was late when he got home. Pamela said: "A letter came this morning."

Roger ripped open the envelope and read. Then he held the letter out to her. "They want me to deliver an Auster to the Sudan."

She scanned the typewritten lines. "They don't say anything about your contract."

Roger shrugged. "I suppose I'm to deliver the aircraft, and then go back crop-dusting on my previous terms." He crumpled the letter and threw it in the fireplace. "They'll have to find somebody else. I'm a salesman now. I'll keep this area. I'll build it up." He added to himself: *I'll even get Esterby's, damn them.*

Pamela said, her eyes searching his: "What about the flying?"

He realized that she was still worried for him. He smiled. "I've had a good run. I'll miss it, but I can't complain." He looked around the room. "We'll live here," he said. "I'll telephone now, and say that we're going to buy."

He was just lifting the receiver when there was a knock on the door. Roger put the telephone down again.

It was Bell. When he was seated and holding a whisky and soda, he said: "How did it go at Esterby's?"

Roger told him. Bell said: "I thought it was something like that."

"You knew about it?"

Bell nodded. "I phoned the office when I landed. Mr. Randolph had already called." Bell stared into his drink. "Yes. He wants to see you next week."

"Are you joking?"

BELL wagged his head. "No. Apparently he liked the way you conducted yourself. He said that he would see only one person from our firm, and that's you."

Roger took an abrupt gulp at his drink. He needed it. A warm feeling spread through him. This time he'd bring it off. With Esterby's and the business he'd already got as a foundation, he'd make the area grow. In two years, one year even. . . .

Bell said: "It's fortunate that it's next week. After that you won't be here."

Roger didn't understand. He frowned. "Yes, I shall. I've decided. . . ."

"The representative who is taking over this area has completed his training," Bell said. "He'll be starting in two weeks' time."

Roger stared at him, a sick feeling in his stomach. "But you said that, if I did well enough, I could keep this area. . . ."

"I did not," Bell interrupted firmly. "I said that you could work here for a while to see how you got on. That is by no means the same thing."

It was a quibble, a blatant insistence on the technicality. Alternatives raced through Roger's mind. Find another job? Or crop-dusting again?

He caught Pamela's eye. She turned her head away quickly, but he had seen her expression.

Bell said: "I expect you got our letter. Now, after you've delivered the Auster, you. . . ."

"I'm not delivering any Auster," Roger said harshly. His anger at this fraud boiled over. "I'm resigning!"

Pamela swung round. "Darling," she said, "think it over."

"There's nothing to think over. After this, I don't want anything to do with. . . ."

Bell said plaintively: "Would you mind letting me finish? Thank you. Now then," he went on blandly, "when you've delivered the Auster, you return to London."

"What for?"

"To start work as pilot and personal assistant to the sales director for Northern Europe. Unless," he said, "you still want to resign."

Roger looked at Pamela. She looked at Bell.

Bell said apologetically: "I'm afraid he'll be away from home rather a lot, Mrs. Marshall—but he'll be based in England." He looked about him. "This is a lovely house. We'll try and get him home now and then. Do you think you can spare him?"

Pamela smiled. "At the moment, Mr. Bell, you look rather like Father Christmas to me."

Roger sighed. He said briskly: "Where do I collect this Auster?"

AS the Auster, bound for the Sudan, slid across the English coast, the air became bumpy, slapping the aircraft from side to side. The horizon was shrouded in haze and the sun sparkled on the water.

The cabin became like a noisy greenhouse, vibrating with the roar of the engine. Roger wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. The control column twitched between his fingers. There was the ever-present, elusive smell of oil.

He began to whistle, and then to sing. THE END

© *N. J. Crisp, 1958*

Boy and Kite

One with the wind he runs
And tugs a cloud upon a string;
His are the wheeling suns
In unseen galaxy,
The blue unfathomable sky,
His the eagle's wing.

Wind-light on upland grass
He scampers, whistles, laughs
aloud
Heedless that time must pass,
That in his mind for ever
A boy will run through the clover
Tugging a captive cloud.

MARGARET RHODES

Housewives mend cars and bank clerks dance ballet in the carefree classes that start again this week. They're the night shift who learn for the love of it

The happiest evenings of their lives

by JOHN GODWIN

A London class studies indoor gardening. In one country district the vicar was first to enrol for the farming course. "I want to out-talk my parishioners on weekdays as well as Sundays," he said

WHEN Mrs. Kathleen Westwood found that she couldn't answer her son Billy's homework questions she decided to go back to school. Billy, a grammar school pupil at Smethwick, Staffordshire, wants to become a scientist and must therefore get the General Certificate of Education.

At thirty-seven, Mrs. Westwood returned to school. For two years she swotted maths, English, French, geography and general knowledge at an evening institute, then took the G.C.E. herself, passing in all five subjects. Today, Billy seems set for the certificate. His work has shown "marked and rapid" improvement—thanks to mother.

This year about 1,500,000 British adults—one in every twenty-five people between the ages of eighteen and eighty—are going back to school. Although roughly half of them do so to learn more about their normal jobs, the others go to add a new interest to their lives. It may be an artistic hobby, a foreign language, a "do-it-yourself" skill, or just the sheer enjoyment of increasing knowledge—at very little cost.

They are crowding into evening courses organized by local authorities, the Workers' Educational Association, the extra-mural departments of the universities, trade unions and various social welfare bodies. To cope with them, classes are held in converted storerooms, day schools, kindergartens, village libraries, church halls and private homes. One course in seamanship is taught on board the clipper Cutty Sark, now in permanent dry dock at Greenwich.

Since 1939 the number of evening students in Britain has almost doubled, and the proportion of women among them — mostly housewives — has increased by a third, to around 900,000. Simultaneously the general age level of students has risen by at least twelve years.

Before the war two-thirds of all evening institutes consisted of junior continuation courses for school leavers. Now two-thirds of the students are middle-aged adults, with their school-days far behind them.

EDUCATIONALISTS agree that "increasing leisure and the urge to fill it with something constructive" is chiefly responsible for Britain's back-to-school movement. An officer of the London County Council says: "Accessibility is equally important. Nobody in London today has to travel any great distance to find a class in progress." The L.C.C., biggest of the local education authorities, runs 120 evening institutes for more than a quarter of a million students.

Among the five hundred-odd subjects covered by evening classes throughout Great Britain are archaeology, judo, acoustics, poetry, glass blowing, ballet, stone masonry, nuclear physics, auctioneering, woodwork, criminology, lip reading, puppetry, bagpiping, heraldry, astronomy, town planning, tapestry weaving, pottery, plumbing, zoology, stage designing and mountaineering. Language classes include Gaelic, Hindi, Afrikaans and Serbo-Croat.

In Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, a home-making course has "thrifty shopping" and "Scottish surprise meals for tired husbands" on the curriculum. In Surrey, students can learn how to grow giant chrysanthemums. Manchester has a special class for watchdog training and Bristol a course in wrapping gifts.

A group of as few as fifteen people in any large town can start a new class at their local institute. All they have to do is pay the term fee and attend regularly. The institute supplies the teacher. Four years ago the Wormholt Park Recreational Institute at Shepherds Bush opened an angling section at the request of eighteen enthusiasts.

Fees vary according to the nature of the course and the place where it is held. They may be as low at 2s. 6d. for an entire term at a small village institute, or 13s. an hour for higher certificate tuition at one of the central establishments.

There is no age limit. Recently, seventy-seven year old Bill Emery, a bookkeeping student at Blackheath, became the oldest class monitor in Britain. Retired Lancashire mill owner Harry Wild, who took up science at seventy-four, says: "I just like to keep my mind occupied." Sir John Burgoyne joined a London typewriting course shortly after his eighty-second birthday. Most of his fellow students are teenagers. Sir John says: "I wanted to learn typing because I can't read my own handwriting."

MEN and women frequently shine in unusual subjects. In Liverpool, ex-footballer Roy Smedley won an embroidery contest held by an evening institute. Last year Miss Glenyse Hart gained the prize as outstanding student of the mining course at Beeston College in Nottinghamshire.

When Mrs. Irma Loon, wife of a Sheffield chemist, failed three times in her driving test she joined a motor mechanics class, claiming "I'll never be able to drive a car until I know what makes it tick." She passed the test ten months later—in a car which she had built herself from spare parts.

The largest and most versatile night schools in Britain are those run by the L.C.C. Central London Institute, with headquarters in a Fleet Street courtyard. It has more than three hundred classes in thirty buildings and teaches 4,500 students, subjects including choral music, under-water swimming, folk dancing, flower arrangement, fencing and bookbinding.

At one time courses were strictly

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The happiest evenings of their lives

continued from previous page

segregated. Today many of the classes are mixed. One of the choir groups, for instance, includes Scotland Yard detectives.

"We're dealing with adults, so tuition must be completely informal," says brisk and grey-haired Mrs. E. F. Houston, the principal. Students and teachers wear casual clothes, smoke during classes and frequently call each other by their Christian names.

The Institute's most popular courses are pottery, art and woodwork. In the home-decorating class, one London housewife used the two-year course to make all the curtains, bedspreads, lampshades and chair covers for her new house. Her workroom neighbour, in daytime secretary of an advertising firm, equipped her niece's home after completing her own.

At a recent exhibition, veteran carpenter Charles Regan was astounded at the standard of craftsmanship shown by the institute's woodworking students. "Nothing amateurish about this," he commented on seeing the displayed record stands, contemporary tea trolleys, tables and cocktail cabinets. "Don't think I could have done a much better job myself."

For those who want to get right away from their normal routine the modelling class holds perhaps the biggest attraction. Instructor Geri Morgan says: "It's amazing to watch people being amazed at what they can do. Most of them had no idea of their own talent."

Once the class invited a Chelsea Pensioner to sit for them. He sat patiently, then asked to be allowed to "have a bash" himself. He produced an outstanding first effort—a bust of Nell Gwyn , which he presented to the hospital authorities.

L.C.C. arts teachers have long ceased to be surprised at the ability shown by some of their most unlikely pupils. A factory worker, out on strike, began making pencil sketches of his plant, which he saw standing idle for the first time.

He became interested in drawing, joined an arts class and learned to paint in oils. His first oil painting was of his factory. It is now on exhibition in the United States, hailed by critics as a "remarkable example of industrial realism."

The L.C.C. also runs evening courses in reading and writing, both for foreigners and for London's small remaining group of illiterates.

At one class was a £1,400-a-year sales representative. He could barely write his own name, but had bluffed his way through for years by dictating letters to his secretary. After two months of tuition he was capable of handling his own correspondence.

Another successful student used his newly acquired skill to write a blackmailing note to his factory foreman. He received a four-months' prison sentence for his effort.

Instructors from Battersea Men's Institute today hold regular classes for five hundred convicts inside Wandsworth Prison. Subjects include theoretical motor mechanics, art, English and general knowledge. Art students have permission to paint in their cells.

Battersea Institute's other novelty is a public speaking class organized as miniature replica of the House of Commons, complete with Mace, Hansard and Dispatch Boxes. Divided into Government and Opposition benches, members represent real constituencies and follow strict Westminster procedure in debates.

"I joined for love of debate rather than love of politics, and I think most other members feel the same way," says Norman Chant, the present Parliamentary Secretary. An office clerk in private life and "M.P." since 1934, Chant is proud of the well-known politicians for whom the class has served as testing ground. But there are some ex-members Battersea would prefer to forget—for instance, William Joyce, "Lord Haw Haw."

Chief reason for Britain's boom in leisure-time learning is probably the 1944 Education Act. Adult education had existed since 1882, but the Act gave financial and other encouragement to the local authorities and responsible bodies providing it. The Ministry of Education now grants them £700,000 a year as subsidy. In 1956-57 the London County Council alone spent £5,651,667 on adult education facilities.

The Workers' Educational Association, with 90,000 students throughout Great Britain, has been described as the "off-licence of the universities." It specializes in more academic subjects; music and English literature topping the popularity poll, with science rising fast.

Typical of W.E.A. students is Eric Wigley, a Manchester textile worker and father of three, who joined an archaeology class last term. He says: "I left school too young and feel my ignorance. With my kids growing up I want to talk to them about something besides TV and football pools."

There is a strong link between the W.E.A. and the extra-mural courses of the universities, with the same lecturers frequently teaching in both organizations.

Part-time evening class lecturers have official parity with the universities' internal staff. Nevertheless, fees are remarkably low. The average is 12s. for a course of twenty-four lectures, rising to £3 for a three-year course.

"High-brow" subjects enjoy their share of Britain's back-to-school movement, but the vast majority of adult students go in for practical, do-it-yourself courses.

Three years ago painters and decorators in Farnworth, Lancashire, had to protest against a too-successful "home handyman's" course. "We didn't mind pupils fixing up their own homes," said their spokesman. "But when they started doing it for their neighbours—that was interfering with our livelihood."

So far this has been the only objection by organized labour. No one has yet protested about Mrs. Janet Gorfield of Birmingham, who learned wrought-iron work at night school when she found that she couldn't get anyone to repair her garden gates. Since then Mrs. Gorfield has not only mended her own gates but those of twenty-two other people as well.

Glasgow shop assistant Herbert Myson took up woodwork because he couldn't afford to buy the contemporary desk he wanted for his flat. "I'm finishing it this term," he says proudly, "and it'll be better than the one in the shop." Working next to him is a mathematics professor who makes picture frames for oil portraits which he paints in the arts class on different nights.

Recently the Buckinghamshire Education Committee launched special evening classes for farmers at High Wycombe, Aylesbury and Stony Stratford, teaching the latest in scientific agriculture. Among the first students to enrol was a local clergyman. Asked if he was thinking of starting a farm, the preacher shook his head. "No," he said, "I just want to be able to outtalk my parishioners on weekdays as well as Sunday." THE END

ENVY—1

Envy is a kind of praise.

John Gay

Another superb pull-out supplement for practical home lovers

LET'S FACE IT

says Roger Smithells, home-making is a satisfying hobby or a hard grind. It all depends on the way you tackle it

We tackle one of the first jobs in the new home—finding the right places for the pictures

DO-IT-YOURSELF is now a top subject for cartoonists and professional funny men. Often their jibes have point. I liked particularly a cartoon in a recent issue of JOHN BULL. It showed a hapless husband struggling with a length of sticky wallpaper and his wife saying: "For goodness' sake remember that wallpapering is *fun* these days."

That, of course, was a shrewd dig at people who write magazine articles. When I started to plan this home-making section of JOHN BULL I made a private vow that I would not talk about *fun* and would not make any do-it-yourself job sound easier than it really is. I have already broken the first vow, but I shall not break the second.

Sensibly tackled, the job of making a home together *is* fun. It can also be hard work. The fun soon oozes away if you try to do too much too quickly. Painting, wallpapering, making fitments and doing running repairs are crafts. You cannot get a craftsman's satisfaction out of them if you try to do them in a hurry. In my experience most home-making jobs take three times as long as you expect. Allow for this when you make your plans. Do it yourself by all means, but don't overdo-it-yourself.

Don't be stampeded

Settling now into my twenty-first home, I am very conscious of the restless urge to press on with all the jobs waiting to be tackled in house and garden.

Something must be done about the stone floor in the kitchen; I think we shall cover it with a felt-backed plastic sheeting which is warm and hard wearing. The hall and staircase need redecorating; so do two of the bedrooms—just the place for some of the lovely new wallpapers. The lighting arrangements are rather odd and could be improved. Plastic weatherstrip would be better than the plasticine which a previous owner stuffed round all the windows to keep out draughts and which is now crumbling and falling out. And the dining-room floor. . . .

I see it all in my mind's eye, perfect, just as we want it. But it never will be finished. No real home ever is. Nor shall we be stampeded into trying to do everything at once. But I think we shall enjoy the jobs we do tackle.

It's a money-saver

A mechanic at my local garage said to me the other day: "My wife thinks a lot of you. She reads your do-it-yourself articles. And then," he added briskly, "I have to make the ruddy things."

Later in the conversation he admitted that some of the ruddy things had worked out well enough, and gave me a few useful handyman tips. It seemed, after all, that he did not bear me too deep a grudge.

But let's face it; many people join the do-it-yourself movement as a money-saving operation, not for fun. Labour costs today are so high that the only way to get a job done without wrecking the family budget may be to do it yourself. But once you have started decorating a room or making a fitment you begin to take a pride in your work. Soon you are showing off the results to your friends. Before you know it you are making improvements to your home for the satisfaction you get out of doing it, as well as for the satisfaction of saving money. Home-making has become your hobby.

Whether you tackle your home-making on a strictly practical basis, or whether you do it for pleasure, I want to help you, in these pages, to get the best money-saving and labour-saving results from your efforts and the satisfaction of a good job well done.

It has never been easier to become a competent spare-time craftsman. Manufacturers are working overtime to create tools, materials and methods which will give us short cuts to success. I am all for short cuts if they take you where you want to go.

But just because there are so many new notions and ingenious gadgets appearing in the shops it can be difficult to know which will work out best for a particular job.

When you try out a new material it is important to understand its special qualities before you use it. I have had successful results with one-coat paints and have recommended them warmly. Then I hear complaints that the stuff won't work. On investigation I find that the people who complain have been brushing the one-coat paints on thinly, just like ordinary paint, so naturally they are disappointed. New materials need new techniques.

To help you with problems like these I shall report on my own experiments with new tools and new methods, giving some details of snags encountered, as well as successes achieved. I hope, too, that you will write to me about what you are doing in your home and send in ideas and tips which you want to share with other JOHN BULL readers. If you can send a rough drawing or a photograph to explain your idea, so much the better. And remember—home-making is *fun* these days.

Roger Smithells will help you with your problems

Write to him at John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply

Planning a scheme round

YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR

There are dozens of ways of planning a colour scheme. One of the best starting points is a favourite colour. It provides a fixed factor in a hazy plan—a foundation for the other colours which will make up the scheme as a whole. But there are many ways of using your chosen colour, as you will see from the ideas illustrated on these pages

YELLOW FOR SUNSHINE. Sunny yellow walls make this bedroom (left) a cheerful place. The effect is so strong that it is not repeated anywhere or it would be overpowering. Instead, green, grey and terracotta, which all look well with yellow, are used for the other surfaces. In the second picture, above, yellow is still the most important colour, but there is less of it. A small-patterned wallpaper with a white ground and a neutral grey carpet set off the yellow curtains, counterpane and lampshade. Other surfaces which could be used as yellow accents are the dressing-table, and chest of drawers.

HAVE you ever been into a sitting-room with walls painted in a vivid, unusual colour and said to yourself, "If only *I* could do that"? Perhaps, for years, you have had a secret longing for a room in cherry red like the sitting-room in the picture on the left, but your courage has failed you and you have settled for the old cream and porridge routine? There is no need to be so timid. Colour is one of the good things in life. It can make your rooms alive and full of atmosphere, when it is planned with care and courage.

A room decorated in colours which match or blend may be safe but that does not mean that it is successful. Thousands of rooms decorated in creams, beiges and oatmeals are sad, drab affairs. Such rooms will always be drab without crisp, bright touches of contrasting colour to give point to the main scheme. Even if you like cream walls and furnishings to match, you can still add peacock blue cushions. They will provide the same sparkle as a cherry does in an otherwise dull fruit salad.

Two ways of planning

There are two ways of using a chosen colour. One is to use it boldly over large areas, so that it dominates the room. The other is to use it as strong accents against a background of pale, neutral colours. Either way your special colour will carry the scheme and the scheme will not be *dull*. If you use the colour broadly it must be balanced by large neutral areas. If you use it as an accent there must be enough of it to strike the eye.

Remember that colour plays tricks. It can appear to change the size and shape of a room: dark blue makes a room seem larger, red or yellow make it appear smaller. This may not matter if you have chosen a colour you really like. Don't let any other colour in the room contrast too strongly with the main colour.

If you don't feel that you are the sort of person who can live in a highly coloured background, but you still want a splash of colour somewhere, stick to pale walls and carpet, and dot your colour about the room on accessories. There are dozens of places you can use colour effectively in this way—a pair of lamps, a set of picture mounts, a piece of repainted furniture, cushions, curtains or upholstery.

When thinking of colour don't forget black and white. These are the decorator's best friends. They will complement or frame any other colour, without competing for attention.

SEE RED AND LIKE IT. Left: a bold scheme with a whole wall of cherry red, a red lampshade and rug and the same red, watered down to pink, in the curtains, walls, furniture. To balance the red, quiet areas of olive and pale turquoise. Right: the same colour scheme with the emphasis reversed. Here the red is for accents only with quiet background colours.

Keep warm this winter—2

STOP THOSE HEAT-LEAKS

I ONCE spent a winter in a thatched cottage, and very warm and cosy it was, too. Thatch is one of the oldest forms of roof insulation. The tiny cells of air inside and between the rushes act as a buffer between the warm air inside and the cold air outside.

Most new houses are insulated when they are built. But thousands of old or badly built houses are not designed to keep the heat in. They let it escape through walls, windows, doors and, most of all, through uninsulated roofs. These are the chilly houses with the big fuel bills.

Until recently, I lived in one of these houses. After one frigid winter there we decided to take action. Our first improvement was to lay two inches of Micafil granules between the ceiling joists in the attic. It took two of us an afternoon to complete the job and cost £7 10s. This virtually put a tea cosy over the house and made it noticeably warmer, particularly in the bedrooms.

Roof Insulation

There are three equally effective methods of insulating your loft floor. Choose the one which best suits your loft and your purse.

1. Laying a blanket of insulating material over or between the joists. This comes in rolls of glass fibre or mineral wool. If your joists are an even distance apart, buy rolls in a width to fit snugly between them. If joists are irregularly placed, buy the wider variety and lay it across the joists. Allow the blanket to sag a little between the joists so that on future visits to the loft you will know where to tread. Overlap edges at least three inches. This blanket method has an advantage if you are a tenant: you can roll it up and take it with you when you leave.

2. Laying a "loose fill" between the joists. This comes in sacks containing either grains of vermiculite, which looks rather like breakfast cereal, or loose mineral or glass wool. Pour vermiculite grains out and level them with a piece of wood. Lay asbestos or glass wool lightly packed between joists. For lofts with awkward-to-reach corners, loose fill is the easiest and most adaptable method of insulation. Lay it to a thickness of two to four inches.

3. Laying heat-reflecting aluminium foil over or between joists. This foil is sometimes reinforced with builders' paper, and is the least bulky. It will go easily through a small trap door. Treat it in exactly the same way as insulating blanket. Insulation will be more effective if you put a lightly crumpled layer of foil between the joists and a smooth layer across them.

Points to Remember

Take up some planks or a piece of hardboard into the attic to stand on while you are at work. Wear an overall: most lofts are messy places. If you are handling glass wool, wear gloves.

Lay insulating material *over* cold water pipes and cisterns, never underneath. Your attic will be colder after insulation and un-insulated pipes will be more likely to freeze. If you use the loose fill method, lag pipes and cistern separately with strips of rag.

Cost

The cost depends on the size of your attic. Find this by measuring the outside of your house at ground level. Work out the area, and give this figure when you order your material from your local builders' merchant or direct from the manufacturers. Mineral wools and vermiculite granules are sold in bags varying from 14 lb. to 56 lb. Blanket materials are sold in rolls from 12 to 48 in. wide and up to 30 ft. long. Aluminium foil comes in rolls from 24 to 48 in. wide (or wider to order) and around 50 ft. in length. For an average attic of 500 sq. ft., costs work out between £5 10s. and £11 10s. according to the type of material used and the thickness to which it is laid.

Windows and Doors

Heat is lost through the single panes of glass in windows. Installing double-glazing—two separate panes of glass with an insulating air space between—is a costly business if done professionally. But there is now a simple form of double glazing which you can carry out yourself quickly and cheaply. You use ordinary window glass from your local builder and a supply of "Quickfix" plastic channel beading at 2s. 6d. a foot. The glass should be cut to fit closely into your existing window frames leaving an eighth-inch gap all round. Cut the plastic channel beading into lengths to fit the sides of the glass. Slip the edges of the glass into the channel. The beading grips the glass firmly, forming a plastic frame which can then be fitted inside the window frame and secured with a couple of screw-on clips. A guide is supplied for cutting the corners of the beading at the correct angle.

Heavy, lined curtains at the windows also help to keep your rooms warmer when drawn at night, by creating an air space between the window and the room. Now there is a new form of lining which turns curtains into an effective form of insulation. It is a fabric called "Milium" which is aluminium coated on one side and reflects warmth back into the room. "Milium" is a light, pliable material, just as easy to work as other lining materials. It sells at approximately 7s. 11d. a yard and is available from many leading department stores and drapers.

Don't think that all this work will benefit you in the winter only, and that you will have to undo it all to avoid stifling next summer. Good insulation works for you the whole year round; it keeps the sun's rays out in summer as well as the cold in winter. **R. S.**

* * *

A useful guide to draught-proofing and insulating your home, *Make Your Home Cosier This Winter*, can be obtained free of charge from The Coal Utilisation Council, 3 Upper Belgrave Street, London, W.1. The guide includes a list of manufacturers of all types of roof insulating materials mentioned here, with prices and sources of supply. "Quickfix" beading is made by J. F. Finningan, Ltd., 847 Ecclesham Road, Sheffield, 11.

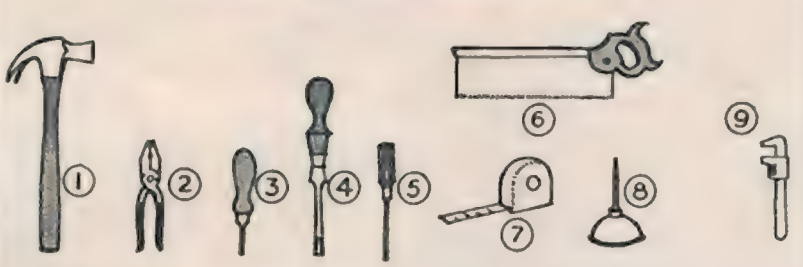
KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you with your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide—2

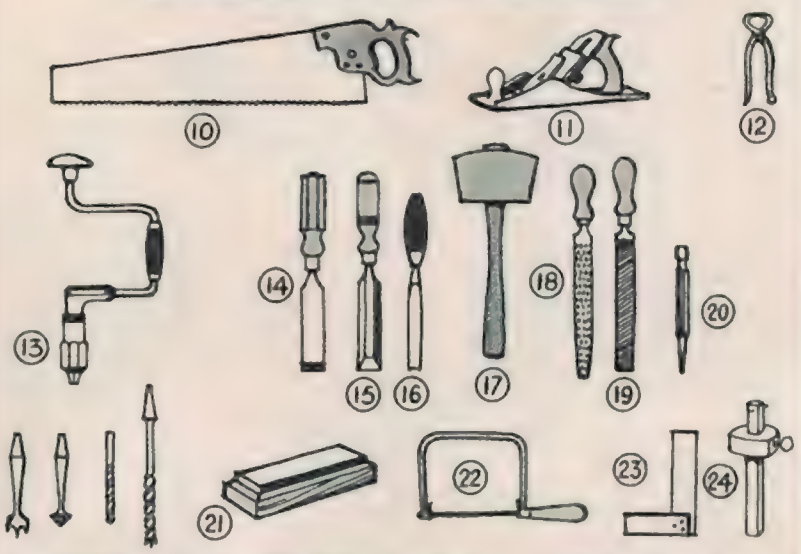
BASIC HAND TOOLS

Minimum kit for household repairs



1. Claw hammer. 2. Insulated side-cutting pliers. 3. Bradawl. 4 Large screwdriver. 5. Electrician's screwdriver. 6. Tenon saw. 7. Flexible steel rule. 8. Oil can. 9. Adjustable spanner.

For construction jobs you will also need



10. Handsaw. 11. Smoothing plane. 12. Pincers. 13. Ratchet brace and bits. 14. Firmer chisel. 15. Paring chisel. 16. Gouge. 17. Mallet. 18. Half-round rasp. 19. File. 20. Nail punch. 21. Oilstone. 22. Coping saw. 23. Try square. 24. Marking gauge.

These are all tools with a tradition behind them. A later guide will deal with new tools designed for special jobs.

WORTH NOTING

● Plastic-topped kitchen tables and worktops are possible now for a fraction of the usual cost with new Fablon Top. This is a larger, tougher edition of Fablon, the self adhesive plastic film. Fablon Top is thirty-six inches wide, easy to fix—simply strip off the backing paper and press it down. It can be trimmed with scissors, and instructions are given on the back for dealing with corners. Fablon Top is heat-resistant and hardwearing. To clean, wipe with a damp cloth. If you want to change to another colour, just strip it off and replace it. Note: do not chop up vegetables on Fablon—like all plastic film, it can be cut. Fablon Top costs 10s. 6d. a yard, and is available in nine colours and patterns from ironmongers and paint and wallpaper shops.

● When painting furniture drive a nail lightly into each leg. This keeps the piece off the floor; enables you to paint the legs more easily.

● Steamy kitchens are a thing of the past with the Nu-Aire extractor fan. So small that it can be fitted into an ordinary kitchen window pane, this nine-inch by nine-inch fan switched on while you are cooking will carry away steam and kitchen smells. Nu-Aire is now made in eight bright stove-enamelled finishes, so you are certain to find one which matches your kitchen paintwork. Its voltage is 200/250, and it uses only 60 watts, the same as the small electric light bulb. With nine-speed regulator, Nu-Aire costs sixteen guineas from electrical shops.

● A few days away from your indoor garden need not mean drooping plants on your return. Leave "Watapads" in charge. These are small felt mats with an inch or so of piping in the centre. Soak them overnight, then slip one under each pot with the tiny pipe stem through the hole in the bottom of the pot. The plant will absorb the moisture from the mat gradually, and have enough to drink in your absence. "Watapads" cost two shillings each or £1 for eleven, from hardware stores and horticultural sundriesmen.

● Stop loose chair covers riding up by stuffing rolls of newspaper down between the arms and the seat.

● Nursery tip: Paint the toy cupboard, or some other flat-sided piece of furniture with blackboard paint. Infant Picassos can practise on this, instead of the wall, and mother can wipe off yesterday's masterpieces with a damp cloth as easily as off a real blackboard.

● Defeat dilatory door-closers with "Clozeze" hinge. This is a neat little spring loaded hinge which fits any door, and will shut it gently and automatically. It costs 6s. 6d., and is supplied with a key to wind it to the right tension for the weight and size of door to which it is fixed. Available from Gamages, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

● Treat rusty metal window frames with a coat of cold galvanizing paint before redecorating. This anti-rust paint can be applied over existing rust if loose, flaking surfaces are first removed with a wire brush. Glopane Neverust is made by J. H. Sankey & Son, Ltd., Essex Works, Ripple Road, Barking, Essex. From ironmongers, price 5s. 10d. for 1-lb. tin. Direct from the makers, postage 2s.

● When moving furniture over a polished floor, put a duster under each leg. This makes moving easier, protects the floor from scratches.

When George Sava rode on Rio's funicular railway it broke down near the mountain top. The cars hung motionless in the sky

On television I told a fantastic story. Two years later, during a nightmare ride . . .

My breathtaking lie came true

by GEORGE SAVA

To the visitor to Rio, the Sugar Loaf Mountain is like a magnet, forever drawing his eyes and thoughts towards it wherever he may go in or around the city. Sooner or later he succumbs to the lure, both of the mountain itself and of the imagined magnificent vista from the peak, and then he takes a trip in the funicular railway, which is reputed to be the longest and highest of its kind in the world.

I was not conscious of this attraction, but I fought against yielding to it. I tried to avert my gaze from the famous mountain and persuade myself that it was not there. For every time my eyes lighted on it, I felt a flush of shame—the curiously humiliating feeling that comes when one is reminded of having performed some vaguely shabby action, or of having made oneself a flagrant fool in public.

To explain this extraordinary psychological state it is necessary to turn back some two years, to when I had just returned from my first visit to South America.

I was naturally full of stories of the varied experiences that had befallen me. In some way or other, news of these exploits got round to the B.B.C., and I found myself one morning staring at a letter suggesting that I might care to recount some of my experiences on television's *Picture Page*.

I was naturally excited. It was not that I had been secretly nursing to my bosom ambitions of becoming a television personality. But I had become a television enthusiast and was a particular admirer of both *Picture Page* and of its brilliant interviewers, Joan Gilbert and Leslie Mitchell. I lost no time and replied at once that I should be delighted to explore the idea.

There was an interview, a script that was revised several times, more discussions and finally a rehearsal.

When the day came everything was familiar to me: the lights, the cameras, the trailing cables, the microphones slung on their booms. Leslie Mitchell seemed like an old friend with whom I had arranged to have a chat.

Now, as far as I knew, everything went exactly as we had rehearsed it. I spoke of my meeting with the late Eva Peron and of the vivid impression she had made upon me, and I recalled the agonizing encounter I had had with the flesh-eating fish of the Parana river that can strip a man or beast to their bones in a matter of minutes. And there the interview was to end. But Leslie continued suavely. Had I visited Rio? I had—for a day or two. Did I have any adventures?

I tried to recall what had happened to me in Rio, for none of this had been in the script. I saw the funicular railway climbing upwards like a gigantic spider. I saw, too, that car stop. . . .

"Yes," I replied. "One rather frightening one."

"Tell us about it, Mr. Sava."

I told my story. I had decided to go up in the funicular railway the day before. I was to leave, as every visitor to Rio was supposed to do. And then, as the car was swinging upwards, something happened. . . . There were cries and shouts. A woman screamed. I could make little of the wild babble of Portuguese all round me.

Then the truth dawned on me. The power had failed. We were doomed. There, midway between base and peak, the car hung perilously, slowly sliding

-and why should she worry

All her friends love her charming smile. She's never embarrassed—and why? She sprinkles her plate every morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. This gives that all day comfort and confidence that makes her life a joy. You too can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals, for Dr. Wernet's Powder holds false teeth secure. Try it yourself and forget all about your teeth.

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MOTHER

The Magazine of Happy Marriage

ON SALE WED. OCT. 1—1/3

My breathtaking lie came true

continued from previous page

backwards, gathering speed . . . we were going to crash until, by some effort of skill, the driver brought it to rest.

So we hung suspended between land and sky, and then after a wait that seemed interminable, things began to happen. There was another man in the car who was obviously an engineer. Soon the lights glowed again. Slowly, the car resumed its upward journey as though nothing had happened.

The interview was over and I stepped out of range of the cameras. I was thanked for my performance, and elated at having done so well.

It was when I was relaxing at home that my brow began to sweat, and I realized the enormity of what I had done. For that story had not a word of truth in it, except that I had been to Rio and looked—from afar—at the funicular railway. Yet, and this is the extraordinary part about it, I did believe it at the time.

I could see, in my mind's eye, every little detail. I could hear the sounds that spoke of incipient panic and the woman's scream. I could feel the up-surge of relief as the car began to move again. If, in front of the cameras, I had been asked to swear the most solemn oath that it was a true story, I should have unhesitatingly complied.

For a long time afterwards I could not think of that interview without acute embarrassment. The very thought of it would cause me to blush. Several times I brought myself to the point of writing an apology to Leslie Mitchell, but I always refrained. It was better to let well alone.

So, two years afterwards, looking at the Sugar Loaf, I found those same feelings of shame and embarrassment returning to me. The curious point was that, though I had not thought of the television affair for a long time, those emotions came back with no loss of sharpness.

I told myself not to be ridiculous. I was not the first person in the world who in print or publicly spoken word had told a traveller's tale. To try to deny the existence of the massive Sugar Loaf now I was in Rio again was an irrational act suggesting that I might be suffering from some deep-seated psychological twist.

The best thing I could do, I decided, was to make a trip on the funicular. No doubt I should find it all very different from what I had imagined or dreamed so clearly at that fatal interview. Certainly I had seen it every day moving smoothly up and down without the slightest suggestion of failure. The reality, I felt sure, would be extremely dull, no more exciting than a ride on one of those complicated and, to me, rather terrifying fun-fair machines.

Argument did not entirely drive away the obsession that held me. I was determined to go. I was like a boy who, at heart a "water-funk," forces himself into the swimming-bath when he sees how his friends are enjoying themselves. Like the boy, my fears would vanish once I had taken the plunge.

In fact, after the first few minutes of the journey, I had forgotten all my fears and anxieties. I found myself with a few people who were obviously visitors from small towns outside Rio, and they were not the kind to seek danger for its own sake. To these quiet folk, a trip up the Sugar Loaf was precisely similar to the visit the provincial in London feels he has to make to Madame Tussaud's or the Tower. And then the utterly incredible occurred.

There was a crack somewhere overhead as though something had broken. The two lights that glowed in the driver's cab, though it was bright sunlight everywhere, went out suddenly. The car shuddered and began to slide backwards, gradually increasing speed.

There was a babel of voices and a woman's scream. Then with a sharp jerk, the car came to rest as the driver frantically applied the brakes.

Terrifying enough in any circumstances, but for me it had an added horror. I had been through it all before. I felt myself breaking out in a clammy sweat of fear.

We were perhaps two-thirds of the way up, and we hung there helpless, deserted, and alone in the sky.

The horrified passengers were talking in low tones as though in the presence of impending disaster. A man began talking to the driver, growing more excited as he tried to argue some point. And as he did so, he began talking in Italian. To me that had a curiously soothing sound; I felt I was no longer an alien in a foreign land.

He was trying to explain that he was an engineer—an electrical engineer—that he knew quite a lot about funicular railways, and he wanted to go and see what he could do. In the end this courageous man won his point.

He clambered out of the car and up on to the roof. I shuddered each time I thought of him poised up there, perhaps two thousand feet above the ground. The car swayed and bumped as he moved about. Time wore on. It seemed as though we would be there for ever, and it no longer seemed to matter to anyone. For two hours we hung, neither hoping nor fearing, our minds almost without a thought.

Suddenly I heard the voice of the driver. The lights in his cab glowed again, steadily and brightly. The cab swayed and the Italian, with a triumphant grin, swung himself down from the roof and into the car. I spoke a few words of congratulation and thanks as he passed me, and he turned on me with a cry of delight.

The driver turned to his passengers and said something. There was a unanimous cry of dissent, and all of them pointed upwards. They insisted that the journey should be completed. The Italian grinned at me and explained. They had paid, he said; why should they not get what they had paid for? I did not express my own views.

The car started. My mind reeled a little, for in just that way it had started when I had seen it in the television cameras. The whole thing was uncanny.

At the top we all alighted and my companions began to move about. I did not join them. I stood and looked at the view. It was certainly magnificent. Inland were the mountains. Below was the great, sweeping bay. Beyond that was the South Atlantic glittering in the sunshine. But I was in no mood for vistas, however superb they might be, and I wandered back to the funicular. The car was returning in half an hour. I waited. When it started I was its only passenger. . . .

Now, I am quite prepared to find that nobody believes this story. Nevertheless, it is one of those true experiences which no rational person can accept as possible. Yet, as I have here set it forth, it is plain, sober truth. I have recorded only those facts that I can remember clearly of what occurred on that frightening day in Rio.

But it is not the actual experience—the breakdown on the funicular railway—that is important from my point of view. What worries me is that I had not only seen it all before, but lived through all the emotions that accompanied the unexpected stop, the slide backwards, the feeling of impending disaster, the hopeless waiting and the final resumption of the upwards journey.

What I had been prompted to say that night on television, as though by some outside agency, was not an imaginary story of a breakdown on a a funicular—an occurrence that might suggest itself to any writer of adventure stories—but a complete forecast of what was to happen to me later and had now done so.

That is what I should like to have explained. In the heavy volumes on psychology, there are many chapters devoted to explaining the phenomenon that is called *avant vu*, the feeling that most of us experience at some time or other of vague familiarity with a place or event of which we are having a first experience.

There are almost as many theories as there are writers. Some explanations are adequate for certain instances; others will suffice for other cases. But when the explanations have been stretched and twisted and adapted, none can deal with experiences such as mine.

Of the stories I have seen, only the serial universe of J. W. Dunne, described in *An Experiment with Time*, seems to offer any hope. Dunne, it will be remembered, put forward the idea and brought a certain amount of evidence, though nothing at all conclusive, to support it—that the universe consists of a series of stages, each with one more dimension than the one below it, and that, in the course of eternity, individuals pass from one to the other. And the "extra" dimension at each stage is similar to what we call time.

So to us in our three-dimensional world, time is a fourth dimension. To those in a world of four dimensions, time is the fifth. We pass through this dimension like a train along its track, and see its features serially, as we do the line-side objects from the carriage window.

But, says Dunne, there are occasions when something happens and we can see ahead, just as if we climb a hill we can see the point that the train will reach in ten minutes' time.

I am only too well aware that I have expressed Dunne's ingenious theories clumsily and inadequately, but I think what I have said will serve the purpose here. If there is anything in Dunne's views, then in the television studio I had in some fashion momentarily acquired the power of looking ahead.

There are, of course, other theories of time that could be adopted to explain the affair, but they are too complicated for me. And what is needed may not be a time-theory at all. The experiments in extra-sensory perception begun by Professor Rhine at Duke University in America before the war and since followed up there and in many other countries, including Great Britain, may eventually provide a clue to understanding experiences such as this.

Or, and perhaps most people will incline to this view, there is no explanation of this kind needed at all and all we have to admit is that, on the theory of probability, coincidences of this kind must occur very occasionally.

Putting aside the fascinating theoretical aspect, the stern fact remains that such experiences are disturbing and unnerving, and I myself want no more of them.

The incident had a very profound effect on me, and even recounting it here has brought to life again a mass of conflicting fears and problems. But one thing practical at least emerged: it was a lesson to me never to tell travellers' tales, no matter how strong or compelling the temptation to do so. If, by the mere fact of telling what one imagines, the events come true, the world will be an impossible place. THE END

Married to a traitor

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with a few small jobs, running errands, delivering messages, taking British soldiers across Marseilles.

Gradually, as she became more trusted, Suzanne met some of the other members of the organization: Captain Ian Garrow himself, and a pleasant and gay young student named Roland Lepers.

A favourite gathering place of the conspirators was a little Marseilles café called Le Petit Poucet, in the boulevard Dugommier. One day while Suzanne was sitting outside the café in the sunshine sipping her favourite wartime drink—a *panaché* (half lemonade and half light beer)—Bruce Dowding joined her with a stranger. He was a slim young Englishman, at least six feet tall, with a mass of thick blond hair, blue eyes set close together, thin lips and a small blond moustache.

As the two men sat down at the table, Dowding said casually to Suzanne: "Here's our chief man up in the north, I don't think you've met him before. His name is Harold Cole, usually known as Paul."

She did not pay any particular attention to him on that day when they first met in Marseilles. To her he was just another member of Ian Garrow's organization. She thought him pleasant-looking and he had a dashing air, and she was glad to hear from Dowding that he had already done much good work in bringing dozens of fugitive British soldiers down from northern France to Marseilles and safety.

Then, one day at the beginning of September, 1941, Ian Garrow summoned Suzanne to meet him at the café. It was an unusual summons, for "the chief," for obvious security reasons, did not often meet his agents.

Garrow told Suzanne, "Look, my dear, you have done well for us while you have been here and now I've got a job for you which is much more important than anything you have done yet. One of our agents in the north has been arrested and we need somebody to take his place. Would you be willing to go back to the occupied zone and work for us there?"

Without a moment's hesitation Suzanne agreed.

Garrow said: "You'll work with our man who is in command in the north and in Belgium, but then you have met him already, I think—Paul Cole. I'd like you to go north with Cole, and Roland Lepers, just as soon as you can get away."

And when Cole met Suzanne again he said: "I hear we're working together now. I'm sure we'll get along splendidly."

Only a few days later Suzanne, Cole and Lepers left Marseilles together for the north. It was an uneventful trip. They took a train to Loches, near the frontier of the unoccupied zone. From there a friendly farmer took them in his cart to a spot where they were fetched by a farmer from the other side of the line and taken to the little village of Bléré. From there they took a train to Tours, and a few hours later found themselves in Paris.

Paul and Lepers had their own "safe houses" in Paris, so Suzanne went to stay with her Aunt Jeanne in the suburb of Becon-les-Bruyères. In the course of their work, Paul often used to come and see her there and, to explain Paul's outlandish French accent, Suzanne told her aunt that he was an American journalist and that she was half-engaged to him. Whether she believed this or not, good Aunt Jeanne was careful never to ask Suzanne any embarrassing questions.

In the weeks that followed, Paul and Suzanne were thrown increasingly into each other's company, and Suzanne, twenty years old and incorrigibly romantic, was both flattered by his tactful attentions and impressed by her new rôle as the chief assistant to a British officer of high repute. Moreover, she was fired up with enthusiasm for their common cause.

One of the first places to which Cole took Suzanne was a big brasserie on the edge of Les Halles, called the Chope du Pont Neuf. Here the tall, slim, grey-haired proprietor, Monsieur Eugène Durand, had established a service for feeding the British soldiers and shot-down pilots who were passing through Paris on their escape-route south.

Cole introduced Suzanne to Monsieur Durand and told him: "She's one of us now. She'll probably be bringing you quite a lot of guests."

She was introduced to some other members of the northern part of the British escape network. There was small, quick-witted Vladimir de Fliguë, a friend of Durand, who ran a little factory for electrical resistances in the rue de Quatrefages, just near the Jardin des Plantes, and whose home provided a "safe house." There was Professor Holveck, of the Radium Institute of Paris, whose ambition, like Suzanne's, was to get to Britain.

And one day Paul Cole arrived at Aunt Jeanne's house with the Abbé Carpentier from Abbeville, and the two took Suzanne out with them to lunch at the Chope du Pont Neuf. "I've brought the Abbé down specially so that you can meet each other," Paul told her. And he explained that the Abbé's work was particularly important in the *zone interdite*—the border district—because of his contacts with other priests in that area.

When a British pilot was shot down in northern France, he was usually at once hidden by the local farmers. And the first person to whom the farmer would turn for advice on what to do with the pilot was usually the local priest. He it was who could put the man into direct contact with the Abbé Carpentier—and start him straight on the way to Britain.

On their first meeting he asked Suzanne if she knew anybody who could help him reproduce the official stamps of the local German headquarters. She did. Professor Holveck, of the Radium Institute, produced two convincing stamps for the Abbé on gelatine.

Suzanne sometimes took Paul Cole to lunch with her friends, the Crépel family. Cole told the Crépels that he had served as a British officer throughout the Belgian campaign, and the Crépels had such confidence in him that they never hesitated to secure identity cards from a friend of theirs who worked in a local *mairie*, and pass them on to Suzanne for Cole.

So all through that autumn Suzanne's life fell into a kind of routine of new and intriguing adventure. Up in the *zone interdite*, the area north of the Somme, which was even more rigorously controlled by the Germans than the rest of the occupied zone, Paul Cole, Roland Lepers and their loyal friends, would collect the British soldiers and despatch them, through the Abbé Carpentier, as far as Paris. There it was the task of Suzanne to meet them at the Gare du Nord and take them—in small groups to avoid attracting attention—in the *Métro* to the Chope du Pont Neuf to be fed, and on to some safe house to shelter for the night.

The next morning Suzanne, usually with Paul Cole, would accompany the soldiers on the train from Paris to Tours. In Tours Cole and the men—numbering anything from three to a dozen—would spend a few hours in another safe house, while Suzanne would travel on to the little village of St. Martin-le-Beau, right on the fringe of the unoccupied zone. There, long before, Roland Lepers had arranged with a patriotic Frenchman, Monsieur Besnard, to act as the organization's secret agent for getting the men across the demarcation line, Monsieur Besnard's work was helping to dredge the River Cher.

Suzanne would check each time with Monsieur Besnard that all was in order. Then she would walk back from St. Martin-le-Beau, along the banks of a small tributary of the River Cher, towards the village of Azay. Paul, with the soldiers from Tours, would get out of the train at Azay and nonchalantly go for a stroll along the river bank. If they met Suzanne on the path they knew that all was well. If they did not meet her, they would have known that something had gone wrong and would be able to escape in time.

When the party reached Monsieur Besnard's house, he would give them all a hearty meal. Then, at dead of night, he would take them out and set them on their way across the border. From there on Cole knew the route and the party would walk all night until, around dawn, they were met by another farmer, now in the free zone, who sped them on their way to the village of Loches.

Usually it was around six o'clock in the morning when they arrived in Loches, and the railway to Marseilles. The train was always packed, and often Suzanne and the rest of the party would have to spend the night standing up in the dimly-lit corridor, pressed tightly in among the swaying crowd of sleepy fellow-travellers.

The whole trip from Paris to Marseilles took just over two days. When they arrived at last at Marseilles, Suzanne usually went straight to her little hotel room, threw herself down on her bed and slept for twelve or more hours at a stretch. She made five trips of this sort between September and the end of November, 1941, accompanying in all about thirty-five British soldiers.

But when the party got to Marseilles it was always Paul who took charge of handing over the soldiers to Ian Garrow or Mario Prassinos or another member of the organization. . . .

The trips back to the north from Marseilles were sometimes more rugged than the journeys from north to south, and on one of them Paul and Suzanne had a hair's-breadth escape from capture. When they reached the demarcation line the farmer who was due to meet them was not to be found. "Never mind," said Cole. "Let's go on anyway. I'm pretty sure I know the route."

At the farm they found a young French soldier from Pétain's army who was also trying to get across the

Married to a traitor

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border because he was anxious to go on leave to Paris—without a pass. The three decided to join forces.

It was a bitterly cold and dark November night, and rain was pouring down. They walked in single file. The whole area was crawling with German patrols who would not hesitate to shoot on sight.

They came to a wide highway which it was necessary to cross. The French soldier went first, before any of the trio realized that his heavy army boots would make a clatter on the road that could be heard far away. Immediately a searchlight from a patrol car flashed over the wet fields and there were guttural cries of *"Achtung! Halt."*

Just before the searchlight swung round to them, Paul and Suzanne rushed up a bank by the side of the road and flung themselves in the muddy field at the top. For what seemed hours, they lay on their faces in the mud.

FINALLY the Germans gave up the search. Dripping and shivering, Suzanne and Paul and the French soldier stood up and tried to take their bearings in the pitch darkness. Holding hands now, and stepping gingerly, they made their way towards where they believed lay the path along the River Cher. Paul drew coins from his pocket and started throwing them ahead of him into the darkness. When he heard one of the coins land with a splash they knew they were at last by the river.

Nearby they found a farmhouse—whose occupants they did not know. But they took a chance and knocked, and the farmer's wife let them clean themselves up. Then they made their way to the nearest station and safely reached Tours and Paris.

Sometimes Paul would go up north on missions, and Suzanne would spend some days on her own in Paris, finding new "safe houses" in which to put the escaping British soldiers. Whenever a new batch was due in Paris she nearly always received an enigmatically-worded letter from the Abbé Carpentier in Lille.

SO on October 30, 1941, the Abbé sent her a letter which read, in part:

"Paul came through here yesterday with his whole team of footballers (fifteen in all including the 'supporters'). They were very gay and counted greatly on their speed and their team spirit to win this new match."

Paul and his party were obviously in good form, but later in the letter there was a slight note of anxiety.

When, about ten days later, Paul took another party south he told Suzanne: "No need for you to come on this trip, Suzie," and he gave her some task to do for him in Paris. He was away for about a week, and when he returned to Paris he seemed strangely upset.

"There was a spot of bother down in Marseilles this time," he told her. "Had a bit of a row with somebody and I had to tell them where they got off. I can't stop now to tell you about it, I've got important things to do up north." And the same day he left Paris again for Lille.

Suzanne saw nothing strange in his secrecy. It was a perfectly normal practice in the Resistance that each member should know only what was strictly necessary for his own work.

Therefore Suzanne never suspected that, in the weeks immediately preceding Paul's final trip to Marseilles, two simultaneous but quite separate inquiries had been going on about his activities—one conducted by the German Field Security Police in Lille and the other by his own colleagues.

Up in the north Paul's associates, mostly people of modest means, were increasingly puzzled by the large amounts of money which he seemed to have available for the good food and gay women whom he found so irresistible. When one day Paul came even to the home of Monsieur Duprez and asked several times for loans of money, Madame Duprez told him: "Paul, your women are costing too much."

The Galants of Roubaix, who supplied cash to every British soldier whom they sent on his way south, were faintly surprised that the English captain, who claimed to have such high contacts with London, never suggested at any time reimbursing them for their expenditure. And in Lille there was a dispute between Cole and Roland Lepers over the sum of ten thousand francs—nearly £60 in those days—which Cole claimed to have given Lepers for paying the food bills of the British soldiers at the rendezvous restaurant, the Chope du Pont Neuf in Paris, but which Lepers declared he had never received.

Down in the south, too, a shadow, faint at first, was gradually darkening over Paul's reputation. Roland Lepers complained to Pat O'Leary, a Belgian colleague in the network, one day: "Why is it that I am never allowed to see Ian Garrow—the chief—personally? It's always Cole who sees him; we don't even know where he lives. I could tell him a lot of things he ought to know."

"I'd find it easier to economize with a little extra money!"

Then there was the new trouble about the money. Garrow, who ran the escape route from Marseilles, had given Cole sums to be handed to Monsieur Duprez for the expenses of the organization in the north. Great was the consternation in Marseilles when Monsieur Duprez, on being asked about these sums, declared: "I have never received a penny from Paul."

PAUL, in Marseilles, was confronted with Monsieur Duprez and there was a furious quarrel in the flat of Dr. Rodocanachi, though there are differing versions of exactly what happened. Simultaneously Ian Garrow was arrested. This left the organization with the problem of who should succeed Garrow (Pat O'Leary took over) and what should be done about Cole.

Bruce Dowding was despatched north to investigate. It was within only a few days of the quarrel in Marseilles that Paul Cole, appearing indeed somewhat upset but apparently as self-assured as ever, turned up in Paris and told Suzanne of a "spot of bother" in Marseilles. Then he went on up north and late at night arrived in the house in Lille used as a hide-out by members of the organization. There Madame Deram heard him suddenly coming up the stairs. "It's only me," Paul shouted. "Come on down, I've got some things to tell you."

Hastily putting on a dressing-gown, Madame Deram joined Paul downstairs. He showed her an injury on his hand. "I got that in a fight in Marseilles," he told her. "People have been saying all sorts of untrue things about me. We had a quarrel. I knocked a gun out of Bruce Dowding's hand, and knocked down Duprez."

ON the grey and bitterly cold morning of December 6, 1941, as snow lay over the streets of Lille, the German police swooped. Madame Deram heard a knock on the door. When she opened it she saw outside two men whom she had previously believed had been following her. Behind them were six more Germans and they called out, *"Police allemande*—open up" and forced their way into the house.

She had no time to warn Paul Cole, who was brought downstairs with his arms handcuffed behind him. He was dressed only in his vest and trousers, while one of the German police was carrying his boots and coat.

The stove in the hall was burning and Madame Deram had tried to stuff into it a paper in Cole's handwriting which mentioned the name of Monsieur Duprez. One of the Germans caught her and snatched the paper out of her hands. As he was led past, Cole saw what was happening and, apparently in a sudden moment of chivalry, called out, "That paper—it's mine. It's nothing to do with her at all."

A moment later he was dragged out barefooted into the snow and pushed into one of the waiting Gestapo cars, while a policeman held Madame Deram covered with a gun. When Cole had gone, the Germans stripped Madame Deram naked and searched all her clothing for hidden papers, but they found nothing more. Finally they took her away in a second car to prison.

That same day they swooped on about ten members of the organization in different parts of northern France. Madame Galant was taken away but her husband, warned just in time, had gone into hiding and finally escaped to Britain.

In La Madeleine the Germans entered the *mairie* and arrested Monsieur Duprez at his desk. Roland Lepers was there but just managed to slip away unseen.

Nobody knows exactly what happened to Cole inside the prison of Loos to which he was taken for two days. The only thing certain is that it was during these two days that he first took his fatal resolve to turn traitor.

Whatever the truth may be, Paul Cole was now co-operating, either willingly or under duress, with the German police. And his first victim was the indomitable Abbé Carpentier.

In the early afternoon of December 8, only two days after his own arrest, Paul Cole turned up at the Abbé's home in Abbeville, apparently as self-confident as usual, accompanied by five men whom he said were ready to escape across the demarcation line. Two of them, Cole said, were Belgian pilots, one a British soldier, one an R.A.F. officer, and one a Polish pilot.

The Abbé Carpentier was just beginning to prepare their false identity cards when the German police broke in.

The Abbé and the rest of the party were led off, but Paul and the so-called Polish pilot were quickly taken away from the others. Two days later the Abbé was led to the head office of the German Field Security Police at Lille. There, sitting at the desk in a German lieutenant's uniform, was the man whom Cole had presented as the escaping Polish pilot. In fact, he was the officer in charge of German security.

Gradually news of Paul Cole's perfidy leaked out to the other members of the network in the north. When Madame Duprez was allowed to visit her husband in prison he whispered: "It was Paul who denounced me."

But it was the Abbé Carpentier who, a few months later, was able to send out from his prison cell the full and detailed indictment of Paul, which was in due course made known to the War Office in London and registered him finally as a traitor to both his country and his friends. The Abbé's message, written in pencil on pages of small-squared paper torn from a French exercise book, was smuggled out for him by a friendly prison guard. It was contained in a letter written to a leading member of the organization down in Marseilles.

"I, as a priest, would not hesitate to burn him in cold blood . . ." the Abbé wrote. "If you let him continue to live he will only make every situation worse and remain a constant danger for you and your colleagues. He ought not to live to see the day of victory.

"In the course of my preliminary examination, the examining magistrate declared to me, as he had also done to Duprez, that it was Cole who had shamefully betrayed us, not only in giving us up to the Germans, but also by revealing in his declarations many things which he need not have said—doing so in order to make things worse for us, so as to be certain that we should not be released and thus be in a position to catch up with him again.

"In the course of my interrogations, I was able to establish what Cole actually had revealed. He revealed some things—such as arms hidden in my home and the homes of my friends—which were known only to himself. It was Cole who gave the plan for the search of my office at Abbeville. It was he who denounced Adolphe (alais Joseph) and André Mason (Bruce Dowding's Resistance name). His declaration (to the Germans) comprised thirty typewritten pages."

The heroic Abbé was later beheaded by the Germans at Dortmund, as was also Bruce Dowding. Monsieur Duprez died in Germany, and Madame Deram spent agonizing months in a concentration camp. These were the first of Cole's friends to meet with similar fates.

But, waiting patiently in the Paris flat belonging to Aunt Jeanne, Suzanne Warren had not the slightest hint that anything was amiss. In her eyes—as in the eyes of many other people at that time—Cole was still the hero of the Resistance he had always claimed to be.

© *Gordon Young, 1958*

NEXT WEEK: 'Suzanne, it's true. I am a traitor . . .'

"Married to a Traitor," by Gordon Young, will be published by Hulton in January as a book, "In Trust and Treason." It will cost 18s.

Deep in the forest lay an Indian's deadly trap—woven with woodcraft and baited to capture a human . . .

WOLVERINE

by ROBERT MURPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARDS

On the skilfully hidden little camp in the quiet gloom of the spruces the tall half-breed, Johnny Coureau, stood up, threw his tin mug superciliously to the other man, and spat into the dying ashes of the tiny breakfast fire. He moved well, but with an air of arrogance.

"Perhaps this is the last time," he said in the patois. "Perhaps not. I will be the judge of that. I am still the judge of it, no?"

"But yes," the other half-breed said quickly. His name was Baptiste Gabrielle; his round moon face, ordinarily rather sleepy looking, held a worried expression. "I only said that perhaps we have stolen enough fur from the old Indian. As we know, he is smarter than the rest, and maybe if you go one more time it is one time too much."

"Bah!" Johnny Coureau said. "No Indian will ever catch me. To be smarter than other stupid Indians is still to be a stupid Indian. Indians!" he said with great scorn. "Dirty savages. *Ffui!*" He turned away, and then turned back again. "I am still Johnny the Wolverine."

He reached into the bag slung over his shoulder, brought out the spread, dried animal paw and held it up. It was the paw of a wolverine, that big weasel so maliciously destructive in its trap robbery and so uncannily clever in outwitting trappers who tried to catch it that legend said it was inhabited by the souls of dead trappers who knew all the tricks and had hated their fellows while they were alive.

"I will leave the paw mark in the dirt near his trap," Johnny said, "and then, perhaps, we will go." He stared at Baptiste for a moment; when Baptiste shrugged and said nothing, he swaggered off into the spruces.

Two hours later he was moving silently a few yards off the old Indian's trail along his trap line, thinking that the next trap he came to would be the last one he would disturb. With the two mink he had in the sack and the others back in camp he had taken enough.

Soon it would snow, when trails would be easy to follow; he had a fine profit, and the old man would have suffered enough by now to be on the edge of swallowing his pride, admitting defeat, and calling in the young bucks to help him.

The old Indian, whose reputation for woodcraft, taking fur and catching trap robbers, was known far beyond his own territory, had lured Johnny into that country; for when Johnny had heard of it, five hundred miles away, he could think of nothing but defeating such a paragon. He had started his trap robbings four years before, to demonstrate his feeling of superiority over the Indians; and now he had won again.

It was time to vanish, but he would see to this last trap before he went; and coming near it, he made a wide and careful circle to reconnoitre. He drifted through the timber as silently as a puff of smoke, his eyes everywhere and his nerves at the stretch. As he narrowed the circle, there was no indication of danger, and so he moved in to the trap.

He scraped together a little mound of earth and impressed the paw mark upon it. As he turned to raise the fallen logs and take the mink out, there was

It was as if the old Indian had materialized from the air. As his rifle cracked, Johnny the Wolverine flung himself to the ground and picked up a stone

to become a leader in the air,
man of science, man of action and executive—
all combined in one—there is
an important and worthwhile career for him
in the Royal Air Force of tomorrow

The Royal Air Force
Flying ...and a career

IF YOUR SON HAS SET HIS HEART on flying with the Royal Air Force, his present ambitions may centre entirely upon the thrills of flying for its own sake. But he should know — and perhaps you can tell him — that flying with the Royal Air Force also involves the full responsibilities of an officer. To be selected for aircrew, a young man must possess outstanding qualities *in addition* to a desire and aptitude for flying.

Prestige and financial status. For the young man who qualifies now for a permanent or short service commission and comes successfully through his pilot's, navigator's or air electronics officer's training, the opportunities for advancement are virtually limitless. From the very start he will be trained to lead men and be ready to take far-reaching decisions. And for this he will be accorded the prestige and financial status he deserves. In how many professions can a man of 25 earn nearly £1,700 a year? Or have the chance to travel the world?

Growing responsibilities. If your son wants to be a pilot, he will be taught to fly by some of the ablest instructors in the world. In many spheres of military flying, manned aircraft will continue to be irreplaceable. But whether your son becomes a pilot, navigator, or air electronics officer, he will, of course, as he advances in seniority, spend less time flying and devote himself to other growing responsibilities: to the men under him: in administrative, liaison, or training jobs: and later, perhaps, in high command. In addition, he will need to develop his scientific and technical knowledge, in order to keep up with the latest technological advances.

The first step. You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this exacting but rewarding life. If he is over 17½, and has the G.C.E. or equivalent standard, you may be doing him a service by writing now or getting him to write stating age and education to the following address: Air Ministry (JB 14), Adastral House, London, WC1.

Wolverine

continued from previous page

a grunt behind him, and he whirled to see the old Indian standing twenty feet away under a tree with the rifle pointing at him.

It was as if the old man had materialized out of the thin, cool air or flown into the tree from somewhere, leaving no leaf or twig disturbed in the vicinity. It was a shocking thing, but Johnny's reflexes were equal to it.

He flung himself forward and fell flat as the rifle went off. The bullet smashed through the logs of the trap, hit a stone six inches from his head and whined off. With the sound still in his ears Johnny picked up the stone, twisted to his knees and threw. The stone was a heavy one; it caught the advancing Indian in the chest and he dropped the gun and fell down.

JOHNNY leaped up, and for a moment stood staring at the old man who had out-manoeuvred him. He was confused; despite the explosion of the rifle and the evidence of his eyes, he still couldn't believe that the old man, the Indian, was actually there.

He knew, and had always known, that as a trap robber he was liable to be shot; but that was different. It was part of his *amour-propre* to be canny enough to avoid such matters. A good deal of the time, like today, he didn't even carry a gun. Why should he carry a gun in a contest of wits with savages, whom he always defeated?

But the savage had defeated him. The savage was there; he had got to his knees and was scrabbling groggily about for the rifle, his beady black eyes fixed on Johnny Coureau like a malediction. There must be something supernatural about him, when he could appear like that. Out of nothing.

"*Sacre!*" Johnny said, and unconsciously crossed himself.

And then, suddenly, he was afraid. He turned about and leaped for cover. He wanted to put a great deal of country between himself and this man.

Presently, as he pulled up a moment for breath, he heard the three spaced shots fired by the old Indian to call up his friends.

He settled down a little after that and, when he reached camp, he was moving so quietly that Baptiste didn't know he was there. Baptiste was lying on a little knoll, sleepily watching the camp, and jumped half out of his skin when Johnny stopped behind him and said in the patois: "Get up. We must get out of here."

BAPTISTE'S round face fell apart in consternation and fear. Baptiste began to shake. "You killed the old man?" he demanded, staring. "I did not come with you for this. You are a fool. You. . . ."

"Pack!" Johnny said, with his mind already running about the country, choosing the route they should take.

"I will go to the Indians," Baptiste said. "I will tell them. . . ."

Johnny hit him and knocked him down. "The Indians will shoot you first and talk to you afterwards," he said, and gave Baptiste a kick to get him moving. "I did not kill the old man, but he caught me. He is their chief."

He began to pack with hurried efficiency, with his mind still on the best way to go, and presently Baptiste got up and helped him. They finished and put on the packs and started out.

Johnny headed west, quartering away from the place where the old man was; he tried to hold to high ground a little below the ridge lines, so that he could move up to them occasionally and look over. He set a very hard pace, with few rests, because he didn't like the way the sky was beginning to look.

It was during the first of these rests, an hour or so after the start, that they heard a shot far off to one side of them, which was answered by another shot far off to the other side.

The Indians had fanned out; they were covering a lot of ground in a systematic way. Johnny hadn't

thought they were capable of it. But then he didn't know these Indians well. He hardly knew them at all.

Perhaps the old man's prestige had stirred them out of their usual Indian lethargy. Johnny's fingers tightened around the rifle lying at his side. Now it would be seen how far and well they would cast out, and how far they would follow.

Johnny cursed, and started out again. He took a course now like a driven deer, between the two shots. As he moved, he looked at the sky. There was little trail, if any, for the Indians to follow, but the sky was closing in more rapidly all the time; and now the air began to smell like snow. Johnny cursed again. . . .

It snowed several inches in the night and stopped before dawn, which couldn't have been worse, for while the snow which would have covered the trail they made in it was falling, it was too dark to travel.

Johnny was dismayed by this turn of events, for if the snow had held off for another three or four days he would have been well out of reach; as it was, he was still in their territory.

He kept recalling the old man's eyes, and in the back of his mind, like a shadow, the snow began to seem like an omen to him.

As he brewed the morning tea over a smokeless little fire in the cold gloom of the spruces, he fought this feeling, which was a new thing to him. To counteract the feeling he began to talk to Baptiste, whom he had been ignoring.

"We should stay here, eh?" he said, weighing alternatives.

Baptiste shrugged; a sort of wooden fatality had descended upon him. "But yes," he said. "Like the rabbit, very still."

"But no," Johnny said. "I am the wolverine, not the rabbit. If we stay here, they will get ahead of us. We will go."

"Perhaps we should stay," Baptiste said, surprisingly enough. "If one comes, we can shoot him."

"Bah! If we shoot one or two, they will know just where to look. Then twelve will shoot us. Pack!"

They packed and started out. The day before, their pace had been fast but careful; this day they ran. They ran under their heavy packs until sweat drenched them.

They were in a little valley when the three shots signalled that their trail had been found, and so didn't hear them; but several hours later, as they were entering the timber again after crossing a very wide and swampy meadow, a bullet fired at extreme range clipped several small branches over their heads.

SEVERAL times during the days that followed, Johnny Coureau was tempted to double back, to stand and bring the woodcraft which had once served him so well into use against their pursuers. But his self-confidence was gone.

Finally, exhausted by the running, the cold camps and insufficient food, they came on to the plateau, and presently the great gash in it.

There was apparently a valley at the bottom; Johnny couldn't see it because the shoulders of the plateau sloped off too sharply for him to reach the edge; but on the other side, several miles away, the precipitous, rocky wall rose apparently straight from the valley floor.

He swung parallel to the slope and travelled along it for a while, hunting for a place to look down, moving closer to the slope. It had warmed up that morning, and the snow, which was deeper here and hid the footing, was soft; finally he got on to a hanging comb.

There was ice under it; he reached a spot where the balance was too delicate to bear his weight, and started a small avalanche. It let go with a roar, too quickly for him to scramble back; he had an instant to recall the eyes of the old man and then was bowled over and carried down, alternately buried in flying snow and flung to the surface, as helpless as a man caught in a sudden flood.

A thin line of spruces at the shoulder's edge and some lucky trick of pressures stopped the slide, or he would have gone over. In the sudden silence he found himself sitting up to his neck in snow, battered and somewhat dazed and hardly believing that he was still alive. He sat very still for a long time, thinking confusedly of the Virgin Mary who had saved him, and then with great care squirmed himself out.

Almost beneath his feet the valley lay quiet and serene, a lost and secret place far below. It seemed to contain twenty or thirty square miles, and he saw a lake towards the other end of it; more than half of it was timbered, and the shadows already moving down its steep walls were nearly as dark as the heavy growth of spruce and pine. It was shaped roughly like a canoe and it looked mysterious and a little strange, a little forbidding.

TOWARDS the lake, and not far from it, there was a haze-like steam which seemed to be rising through the trees, and as Johnny stared at this extraordinary phenomenon, a vague and fragmentary memory stirred in his mind. It had a significance, this steam and the canoe-like shape.

And then he remembered. He had heard of it years ago; some long-forgotten trapper, some *voyageur* encountered in a trading post, had told him of it.

It was accursed, a place with an evil name, where hot water came out of the ground. Because of this unheard-of thing, the forgotten trapper had said, crossing himself, it must be close to hell. The Indians looked upon it with great fear, and had never gone into it.

A feeling of reprieve, of immense relief, flooded Johnny's weary brain. He was safe, he had stumbled upon safety; he would go into the valley and survive somehow until he had time to think, or until the snow was gone in the spring.

The problem was how to get into the place; and then, at the end opposite the lake, he saw that the cliffs dropped down and made an entrance to it. He yelled at Baptiste that he was still alive, and then with infinite care began to work his way towards the top. . . .

They came to the drop in the hills, and found the entrance to the valley crossed by a thick belt of dead, gaunt grey trees, with a large stream coming out of it.

"I do not like it, me," Baptiste said. "It looks like a place one does not come out of, if one goes in."

"There is the rest of the world to run in, if you prefer," Johnny said. The feeling of relief had put new life into him. "I have run far enough. I will go in."

Baptiste shrugged, and they struggled through the grey silence into the valley beyond. Johnny shot a deer and, after they ate all they could hold of it, they moved about until they found a good location in the spruces near the stream, and set to work to build a small cabin. Baptiste put out rabbit snares and built a weir to trap fish and smoke them against the winter, for they didn't have much ammunition.

In a few days the cabin was finished and they were fairly well established, and then Johnny set out to explore.

The stillness bothered him for the first few days. The wind seldom blew, and he was accustomed to wind; the absence of it added to the brooding quality of the place.

Once he went out through the dead spruces at the valley's mouth and saw several lines of footprints beyond it, so he knew they were keeping a watch there. He went to look at the hot springs, but the strangeness of them, and the smell of sulphur which hung

ENVY—2

Envy and fear are the only passions to which no pleasure is attached.

Churton Collins

My Notebook

by A VETERINARY SURGEON

Now is the time to keep a watch on your tortoise. If he buries himself in the garden you'll lose a friend for life

I COULD see that Tony was a very worried little boy when he walked into my surgery the other day. From a box he produced his pet tortoise.

"He keeps trying to bury himself," Tony said, "and I can't make him eat."

I quickly reassured him that there was no need to worry about the health of his pet. This is the season when tortoises hibernate for the winter and as long as their owners safeguard them from frost, they'll be as active as ever in the spring.

I told Tony that it was important that his pet should not dig himself into the garden for the winter.

"Put him in a big box with plenty of straw or leaves," I said. "Place the box in a cool place—a shed or attic will do, as long as he is protected from frost. And don't disturb him, or he may die."

The big sleep

Hibernation can be prevented by keeping the tortoise in a really warm place and feeding it regularly—but Tony thought he would rather let his pet sleep through the winter.

He asked if he could borrow a wooden box he had seen in my garden. It would be perfect for hibernation. I was handing it to him when he asked me what he must do when his tortoise awoke in the spring.

"Just bathe his eyes and nostrils with a tiny pinch of boric acid in a cup of warm water," I said. "You can smarten him up by polishing his shell with olive oil."

If you are thinking of buying a tortoise—they cost about five shillings—wait until the spring. Then choose one which looks active.

A healthy tortoise withdraws quickly into its shell when disturbed. Its legs should be firm and its eyes and nostrils free of discharge.

You have to feed your tortoise regularly. Its needs are simple—lettuce, young cabbage, peas, clover and dandelion leaves makes a good diet. Make sure that there is always drinking water available—in a shallow tray or saucer.

Many tortoises are allowed the freedom of the garden, but that is unwise as they are great wanderers. An upturned soap box with a wide entrance cut into one side makes a good shelter.

Tortoises live surprisingly long. One American pet, with 1844 carved on its shell, turned up a hundred years later. . . .

The pup which grew—and grew

Another problem I was faced with recently concerned a cuddly little pup called Ben. A friend bought Ben to keep in her bungalow. But soon Ben became Big Ben—he was a Great Dane. Now fully grown, he can clear everything off an occasional table with an amiable sweep of his tail.

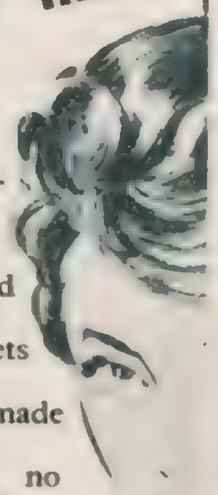
Be careful about a pup's background before you buy him. Not only do large dogs need plenty of house room—they need an hour's steady walking every day.

Labradors, golden retrievers and other gun dogs need more exercise than almost any other type. Similarly, all hounds—including greyhounds and whippets—must have a lot of exercise.

For owners who want alert house dogs, terriers, such as the Sealyham, the smooth or wire-haired fox terrier and the Irish terrier are ideal. Miniature poodles, Welsh corgis and many toy breeds will also keep reasonably fit on a little walking.

People often ask me whether they ought to keep male or female dogs. There is much to be said for females. They are often less aggressive than males, just as efficient at guarding the home, and are more affectionate.

No more CONSTIPATION for me!



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Wolverine

continued from previous page

in the air disquieted him, and he avoided them thereafter.

There was more snow now and they had to make snowshoes to get about in it, and the cold increased. They were soon out of such things as salt, tea, tobacco and flour, but they were adroit in living off the country.

It was a good rabbit year, and Johnny found a hibernating bear and killed it. Beyond the lake he found a string of beaver ponds, and as Baptiste had been carrying three traps, he caught a beaver once in a while. The rich, dark meat was excellent, and the fur would come in handy for trade after they got out.

There was also plenty of mink and a few marten, and presently Johnny, who had lived on other men's traplines, had a trapline of his own.

It was on one of his trapline trips, early on a cold morning, that he saw a movement ahead of him. As he stopped with the axe resting across his shoulder, the creature, which looked at first like a small bear, moved out into the open, raised a forepaw as though to shield its eyes, and looked at him.

JOHNNY didn't need to see the band of paler fur running along its dark sides; he knew that no animal except a wolverine makes such a strangely human gesture.

Not long since, he would have laughed and saluted a brother thief, but he didn't laugh this time.

Twice in the old days, when he was still trapping for himself, he had been forced to abandon his territory when wolverines moved in on him. They had been a disaster, a catastrophe, stealing his traps and destroying his fur. He'd never been able to catch them; and later, when his thievery was successful, he had recalled this and applied their name to himself. In those days he simply moved out and left the territory to them; now he could not.

He was suddenly filled with apprehension and rage and, raising his axe, he ran towards the beast. It rolled back to all fours and moved off through the tangled, snowy timber. It looked back over its shoulder at him once from an opening, and seemed to be grinning, and then he lost sight of it.

As soon as his breathing returned to normal, he thought of his beaver traps and hurried to the dam. His technique had been to chop holes in the ice, make small breaks in the dam and set traps below them to catch the beaver when they came to make repairs.

Often they were drowned when trapped; but this time, as he could see by the bits of fur and frozen bloody meat on the dam crest, they had both come out on the dam before the water froze again, and been caught by the wolverine.

The two traps were gone. There were several sets of wolverine tracks running to the other shore and back, and Johnny knew there was no use searching for traps. The wolverine would have buried them carefully in the snow, in a maze of tracks that he could never decipher.

There were stupid wolverines, but Johnny knew that this wasn't one of them.

With a heavy heart he started for the cabin, then swung off to return by the line of deadfalls and rabbit snares that ran out in that direction. He found, as he feared he would, that the wolverine had been busy there too. Baptiste hadn't visited that line for several days, and the beast had had plenty of time. It had ripped out the snares, destroying whatever was in them with a diabolical thoroughness.

Johnny was gloomy and depressed when he reached the cabin, and Baptiste was waiting for him with a long face.

"There is a wolverine," Baptiste said.

Johnny put the axe down, and said nothing.

"He has been on my trapline to the east."

"He has been on the trapline to the north, as well," Johnny said. "And on the beaver dam."

"So," Baptiste said, and it seemed that his expression changed. His face grew rounder again. "Now we have one trap, and the wire for snares does not renew itself." He seemed to smile, a small, secret smile. "You are Johnny-the-Wolverine," he said. "It requires a wolverine to catch a wolverine. It would be well if you would hurry and catch him."

Johnny stared at him, nonplussed. He thought for a moment that the discovery and its implications had driven the other man out of his wits. But is wasn't that; the sardonic light in Baptiste's eyes was sane enough, and the small secret smile was sane, too.

"Thunder of God!" Johnny burst out, and dealt Baptiste such a blow that he knocked the man head over heels. He followed quickly and kicked him until his feet hurt, grabbed him and took his ammunition, and then unloaded his gun.

"I will keep the cartridges," he said, standing threateningly over him, "even if I do not think you would be enough man to shoot me. You will keep the camp. I will circle the valley, to see if there is a place to climb up."

He gathered his gear and went out.

There was no place to climb up while the ground was covered with snow, as Johnny found out on a hard two-day trip.

It was very cold; he had to take small, shallow breaths to avoid frosting his lungs, and cut wood all night to avoid freezing to death. In the loneliness and

ENVY—3

It is better to be envied than pitied.

French Proverb

cold he had plenty of time to think. His mind ran in endless circles around the wolverine and ways to catch it, and always ended up at the starting place.

At one point he almost decided to make a spring gun set; lash his rifle to a tree and run a string from the trigger to a simulated trap, so that when the beast pulled the trap apart the rifle would go off and shoot it. But he finally gave up the idea, with a frustrated and bitter curse.

It was too chancy, for his enemy might solve the puzzle and destroy his gun. He had had a wolverine do that before. It had bitten through the string first, near the trigger, and then gnawed through the stock and ruined the gun.

It was inevitable, in the cold darkness, that he should think of the old Indian who had brought him to this, and the other Indians he had victimized just as the wolverine was victimizing him. This, and the irony that he had taken the creature's name in his own clever dealings.

He squirmed and shivered and ground his teeth; finally, as he turned toward the cabin again, he knew that no matter what the chase would cost him, he would have to run the wolverine down.

HE was further confirmed in this decision when he reached the cabin and found Baptiste sitting with his head in his hands. Baptiste raised his swollen face and looked at him.

"It is even worse," Baptiste said. "Now the other trap is gone, and the rest of the wire. What do we do?"

"We follow it," Johnny said. "Both of us, until we catch it. After I have a day to rest."

They set out two days later, and in the afternoon came upon the wolverine's tracks in fresh snow. Then they separated until they were seventy or eighty yards apart, and paralleled each other.

It was extraordinarily difficult to keep to the trail, for the wolverine had taken a very erratic course; it had invariably picked the going where a man on snowshoes would have trouble.

It went, despite its wanderings, almost directly away from the cabin and took them nearly to the end of the valley. In the late afternoon Johnny found where it had doubled back on the side away from Baptiste and sat quietly in a spruce thicket to watch them go by. Later still, near sunset, Baptiste shouted and ran to Johnny in tears to say that he could have shot the beast if he had had ammunition.

Johnny was thunderstruck; in their concentration on the chase both of them had forgotten that he still had all their cartridges. He gave Baptiste half of the small store, but it was too late.

They had a wretched camp and followed the beast's apparently aimless meandering all the next day, and the day after. By the fourth day they were in poor shape, and no closer to the wolverine. It had taken them round and round the valley and tangled them for endless hours in a maze of tracks; then headed back towards the cabin.

Johnny was so tired and intent that he thought nothing of this for a while; but, as the trail held true, he saw the significance of it.

A chilling fear gripped him; he stopped and shouted for Baptiste.

"The cabin!" he said, when the other man came up. "It's going towards the cabin!"

They stared at each other, wordless, for they had started off too quickly, too desperate and angry with each other for forethought; they should have slung their supplies in a tree or between two trees, high out of reach, and taken the bark off to a height of six or seven feet so the wolverine couldn't get its claws into the hard and frozen wood and climb up. It was a notable cabin despoiler.

They began to run. They staggered and often fell, tripped by their weariness and their blind haste, by the branches that caught their snowshoes. The moon was up when they reached the cabin, and by the thin shafts of its light that penetrated the spruces they could see the tracks.

They stumbled inside, and ruin was there. The wolverine had got down the chimney and worked like a demon to get everything they needed back up again and carry it off. The things too large for the chimney were torn up and useless. All their hoarded supplies were gone.

THEY went outside again and stood together by the door, silent and haggard in the thin moonlight.

"Me, I will go out," Baptiste said at long last. "Anything is better than here."

"Yes," Johnny said.

"Perhaps the Indians have gone, or do not watch at night."

They checked their rifles, and started out. They didn't speak again. They came to the belt of dead, gaunt trees and the light was brighter; in the eerie silence they felt completely exposed.

Exhausted to the point of falling, they toiled through the terrible place; and near the edge of it, a few yards from where the black spruces began, they were stopped by the chilling click of a gun being cocked, and the old Indian materialized before them.

He was not very tall, and he was grinning in the moonight; the moonlight glinted on the rifle barrel.

"Stand still, Wolverine," he said. "Do not even move to make the paw mark. We are not ready to skin you yet."

He shouted, and was answered by two other shouts, one on each side of him. Johnny Coureau stared at him. There had been only three of them then, he thought, as his heart hammered within him loudly enough to wake the dead. Three of them, and they had herded him in there, knowing what he would find, and then sat down and waited until he had been driven out.

He sighed, a weary and defeated exhalation of breath, and moved a little to ease his aching legs.

"Stand still," the old Indian said. "Be very careful, while we decide whether we will skin you or take you to the police." THE END

© *Robert Murphy, 1958*

Mrs. Patricia Goodbody has a job and a happy family. Her sons make life easier by helping her to run the home

Do working mothers play fair?

by ALEXANDER BARRIE

They can bring themselves happiness and their children luxury. But empty homes may breed crime

Two months after taking a part-time job, Mrs. Louisa Sweeney noticed something strange about her fourth child, six-year-old Maureen: one side of her face seemed to have stiffened.

At first Mrs. Sweeney put it down to a chill. A few days later she realized that the trouble was worsening—Maureen's mouth had become crooked and her eye hard to blink. Alarmed now, mother and child hurried to St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

Hysterical paralysis was diagnosed. It came, said the doctors, from a sense of insecurity. In discussion afterwards, the Sweeney parents could think of only one new element in their family life to blame: Louisa's job. It left her less time for mothering than the children liked.

Although the loss of income would be serious, they agreed that she must stay at home. At once Maureen's face began to improve and soon was quite better.

Precise figures are not available but about two million British mothers of school or pre-school children are wage earners today—about a quarter of the country's total female labour force. These are vastly larger than prewar figures. And statisticians predict that because surplus spinsters are expected soon to be a rarity, the trend will continue. Already one child in every five or six has only a part-time mother.

While chairing a lecture put on by the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency a short while ago, John Eddy, Q.C., a distinguished magistrate, bluntly ascribed juvenile delinquency to two causes, one of which was the tendency for mothers to work.

Lord Hume, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, has cited "the mother in industry" as "the greatest of our social problems." And last Mothering Sunday the Bishop of Woolwich warned mothers that outside work might lead to neglect of their homes.

To find out what women's views are, the National Council of Women of Great Britain recently sent a questionnaire to all its ninety branches. The response was a denial that paid work for mothers was likely to cause harm. The "character and competence" of a mother were named as what mattered—not whether she worked or not. This verdict had the approval of Lady Reading, the council's president, who is also a child welfare expert and J.P.

The case of a London boy now at an approved school typifies the harm working motherhood is said to cause at its worst. Peter became a thief at twelve by rifling the gas meter.

A year later he moved on to bigger things—amusement arcade machines and small shops. Today there are few locks he cannot open. He is proud of his skill. "It's feel," he says. "Either you've got it or you haven't."

Searching for causes, the authorities have studied his home life. By most tests it was good. He is the eldest of five healthy children who range in age down to five. Both parents go out to work. The father is a craftsman in the building trade, the mother a nurse. Their joint income has meant that the family, though large, has never gone short of essentials.

On the other hand, the experts give importance to the fact that Peter's mother took up nursing when her youngest child was only one year old.

As the eldest, it was Peter's burden to look after it and the three others when his mother was out. So, at only eleven, he became a little home drudge. After twelve months of this he began to steal. Official opinion is that some sort of connection between the two events is probable.

Herbert Turner, warden of the Adventure Playground in Lambeth, sides with those opposed to work for mothers. Five hundred boys and girls ranging in age from one-and-a-half to twenty-one use his playground. Among them he finds many moderately and very-deprived children, most often the sons and daughters of women who "go out."

For example, there is Stanley, aged twelve, who is given a key during his school holidays so that he can go home for food—but to an empty house. Free of parental restraint, Stanley has found a more exciting drill—raiding fruit stalls with a gang of other boys.

To Turner, this reaction is roughly normal. He finds that boys have three codes—their home behaviour, their school behaviour and their street behaviour. They are entirely different boys in the different environments.

He once seized a big boy who had tied a smaller one to a pole and was about to throw darts near him in imitation of a knife-thrower's act. The bully was foul-mouthed and pugnacious. When Turner took him to his father for punishment, the boy changed. He became simpering and seemingly guileless. He explained he was "only playing." The father dismissed the affair as unimportant and reminded Turner that "boys will be boys."

After nine years of handling children, Turner has concluded that the home atmosphere is all important. He finds that a child who is too much on the streets cannot avoid being harmed.

Three types of deprived children pass through his hands. There are the "key children" who can enter their homes but usually to find them empty; there are the children without keys but with a shilling to buy "pie and mash." And there is the sad little group who have neither key nor shilling; Turner calls them "nothingers."

One little "nothinger," eleven-year-old Pat, clung to him in such a psychological state of fear recently that he went to see the mother to plead for better treatment for the girl. He failed. The mother's comment was: "Pat does all right. I give her a good breakfast." It was the child's only daily meal.

A teenage girl, the social'y well-placed daughter of rich but career-obsessed parents, came to the consulting room of a West End psychiatrist. She explained that she never saw her parents except occasionally when they took her rock-climbing as a "treat." The psychiatrist, trying to find out why she had become moody and withdrawn, discovered that far from being a treat, climbing to her was a nightmare. The girl was terrified of heights.

"Don't you tell any of your troubles to your parents?" the psychiatrist asked, surprised.

The girl began to cry. "Honestly, doctor," she whispered. "I don't get a chance."

Despite such cases constantly being uncovered by the critics of working mothers, some experts feel that whether or not Mother is an earner cannot alone upset the health or happiness of children. This is the view of Miss Eleanor Merry, who has just retired as general superintendent of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. After thirty years of seeing every kind of family in its home environment, she says: "What matters much more to a child than whether or not his mother works, is whether or not she loves him. If she does, he'll survive all sorts of inconvenience without harm."

The London School of Economics has been giving the subject scientific study since 1954. With the help of a

continued on page 45

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S great new thriller

FROM POLICE SUPERINTENDENT HUISH'S
NOTES ON THE CASE SO FAR

The victim: Mrs. Rachel Argyle, wealthy, middle-aged. She was bludgeoned to death in the kitchen of her house, Sunny Point. Murder-weapon: the kitchen poker. Time of crime: between seven and seven-thirty on November 9 - two years ago. (We arrested her foster-son, Jack Argyle, for this crime. He was a bad lot, been in trouble before, and his prints were on the poker. He was convicted and died in prison. Now Dr. Arthur Calgary, a geo-physicist, has returned after two years in the Antarctic and confirmed Argyle's alibi. The decased has been granted a free pardon, and the case re-opened.)

The suspects: the dead woman's husband, Leo Argyle, and his secretary, Gwenda Vaughan; the housekeeper, Kirsten Lindstrom - she's Swedish; the four other foster-children . . . Tina, Micky, Hester, and Mary Durrant.
(Any one of them could have done it - they were all either in the house or had access to it at the relevant time. Can rule out Mary's husband, Philip. He's a wheelchair invalid. But his wife's alibi hangs on his word.)

Motive? Could have been an emotional crime. Leo and the Vaughan girl are in love. Perhaps one of them killed Mrs. A to clear the way? Hester is a hot-tempered girl and had quarrelled with her mother. Tina and Micky are both dark horses???

Note: worth keeping an eye on Calgary and Philip Durrant. Fancy themselves as sleuths and they might turn something up at that - they're on the inside.

Action: solve the crime!

Murder runs amok!

SUPERINTENDENT HUISH looked round on them all, gently and politely. His tone when he spoke was persuasive and apologetic.

"I know it must be very painful to you all," he said, "to have to go over the whole thing again. But really we've no choice in the matter. You saw the notice, I expect? It was in all the morning papers."

"A free pardon," said Leo. "It means that you made a mistake."

"Yes." Huish acknowledged it simply. "We made a mistake." He added, after a minute: "Of course, without Doctor Calgary's evidence it was really inevitable."

Leo said coldly: "My son told you, when you arrested him, that he had been given a lift that night."

"Oh yes. He told us. And we did our best to check—but we couldn't find any confirmation of the story. I quite realize, Mr. Argyle, that you must feel exceedingly bitter about the whole business. If it's possible, I'd ask you to put as much bitterness as you can out of your mind and just run over the facts and times again."

"What's the use now?" Hester spoke up sharply. "Whoever did it is miles away and you'll never find him."

"That may be—and it may not," Huish said mildly. "You'd be surprised at the times we do get our man—sometimes after several years."

HESTER turned her head away, and Gwenda gave a quick shiver as though a cold wind had passed over her. Her lively imagination felt the menace behind the quiet words.

"Now, if you please," said Huish. He looked expectantly at Leo. "We'll start with you, Mr. Argyle. If you'll just run through the sequence of events. You'd had tea?"

"Yes. Tea had been in the dining-room at five o'clock as usual. We were all there for it, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Durrant. Mrs. Durrant took tea for herself and her husband up to their own sitting-room."

"I was even more of a cripple then than I am now," said Philip. "I'd only just got out of hospital."

"Quite so." Huish turned back to Leo. "All of you—being . . . ?"

"My wife and myself, my daughter Hester, Miss Vaughan and Miss Lindstrom. After tea I came back in here with Miss Vaughan. We were at work upon a chapter of my book on medieval economics, which I was revising. My wife went to her sitting-room and office which is on the ground floor."

"Did you hear your son Jack's arrival?"

"No. That is, I did not know that it was he. I heard the front door bell."

"After that?"

"Nothing. Until my wife came in a good deal later. I think it was about twenty minutes to seven. She said Jacko had been with her, that he was in trouble, that he had been violent and abusive, demanding money and saying that unless he had some money at once it would be a matter of prison. That she had refused definitely to give him a penny. She was worried as to whether she had done right or not."

"Had Jacko left the house by then?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know that of your own knowledge, or did Mrs. Argyle tell you?"

"She told me. She said he had gone away swearing, and threatening to come back, and that he'd said she'd better have some cash ready for him then."

"Were you—this is important—were you alarmed at the thought of the boy's return?"

"Of course not. We were quite used to what I can only call Jacko's bluster."

"Mrs. Argyle left you — when exactly?"

"Just before seven—about seven minutes to."

Huish turned to Gwenda Vaughan. "You confirm that?"

"Yes."

"And the conversation went as Mr. Argyle has just said? You can't add to it? There is nothing you can remember that he has forgotten?"

"I didn't hear all of it. After Mrs. Argyle had told us about Jacko's demands, I thought I'd better remove myself in case they felt it embarrassing to talk freely before me. I went in there"—she pointed to the door at the back of the library—"to the small room where I type. When I heard Mrs. Argyle leave, I came back."

"And after that, Miss Vaughan?"

"I asked Mr. Argyle if he wanted to continue work, but he said his chain of thought was interrupted. I asked if there was any more I could do, but he said no. So I cleared up my things and went."

"You went downstairs and through the front door?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Argyle's sitting-room was immediately to the left of the front door?"

"Yes."

"You didn't go inside, or say goodnight to her?"

"No."

"Didn't you usually do so?"

"No. It would have been silly to disturb her at what she was doing, just to say goodnight."

"If you had gone in—you might have discovered her body lying there, dead."

"I suppose so. But I imagine—I mean we all imagined at the time—that she was killed later. Jacko would hardly have been able to——"

She stopped.

"You are still thinking on the lines of Jacko having killed her. But that is not so now. So she *might* have been there then, dead?"

"I suppose—yes."

"You left the house and went straight home? Did you meet anyone on the way?"

Gwenda frowned. "I can't really remember now. . . . I don't think I passed anyone until I came to the Red Lion. There were several people about there."

"Any cars pass you?"

Gwenda looked startled. "Oh yes, I do remember a car. It splashed my skirt. I had to wash the mud off when I got home."

"What kind of a car?"

"I don't remember. I didn't notice."

NOW Huish turned back to Leo. "You say you heard a ring at the bell some time after your wife left the room?"

"Well—I think I did. I've never been quite sure. . . ."

"What time was that?"

"I've no idea. I didn't look."

"One more point, Mr. Argyle. Did you have any idea that your son was married?"

"No idea at all."

"His mother didn't know, either? You don't think she knew but had not told you?"

"I'm quite sure she had no idea of such a thing. She would have come to me about it at once. It was the greatest shock to me when his wife turned up the next day."

Huish turned to Hester.

"Now, Miss Argyle, just tell me

'ORDEAL BY INNOCENCE'

At Sunny Point a man became too curious . . . and curiosity kills. Now the knife was ready for an unwary girl

again what you did after tea that day."

"I don't remember now," said Hester sulkily. "How can I? It's two years ago. I might have done absolutely anything."

"Actually I believe you helped Miss Lindstrom to wash up tea."

"That is quite right," said Kirsten. "And then," she added, "you went upstairs to your bedroom. You were going out later, you remember. You were going to the Drymouth Playhouse."

Huish said: "Now then, Miss Argyle, what time did *you* leave the house?"

"Seven o'clock—or thereabouts."

"You saw Mrs. Argyle before you left the house?"

"Yes. I wanted some money. So when I was ready to start, I went in to Mother and asked her for some money—just a couple of pounds—that's all I needed."

"And she gave them to you?"

THE girl replied, "Kirsty gave them to me."

Huish looked slightly surprised. "I don't remember that in the original statement."

"Well, that's what happened," said Hester defiantly. "I went in and said could I have some cash, and Kirsten heard me from the hall and called out that she'd got some and would give it to me. She was just going out herself. And Mother said: 'Yes, get it from Kirsty.'"

"I was just going down to the Women's Institute with some books on flower arrangement," said Kirsten. "I knew Mrs. Argyle was busy and didn't want to be disturbed."

Hester said in an aggrieved voice: "What does it matter who gave me the money? You wanted to know when I last saw Mother alive. That was when. And then I went out to the garage and got the car out."

Kirsten Lindstrom said: "Hester passed me in the car just as I got to the end of our road. She must have started almost immediately after me. She went on up the hill to the main road and I turned left along the road to the village."

Smoothly Huish turned to Kirsten and said: "Now, Miss Lindstrom, let's have your account of what you remember."

"We had tea. It was cleared away. Hester helped me. Then she went upstairs. Then Jacko came. I let him in. He said he had lost his key. He went straight in to his mother. He said at once: 'I'm in a jam. You've got to get

The tray fell from Kirsty's hands and she gasped. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" Tina pushed into the room

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A BOOTH'S AND LIME

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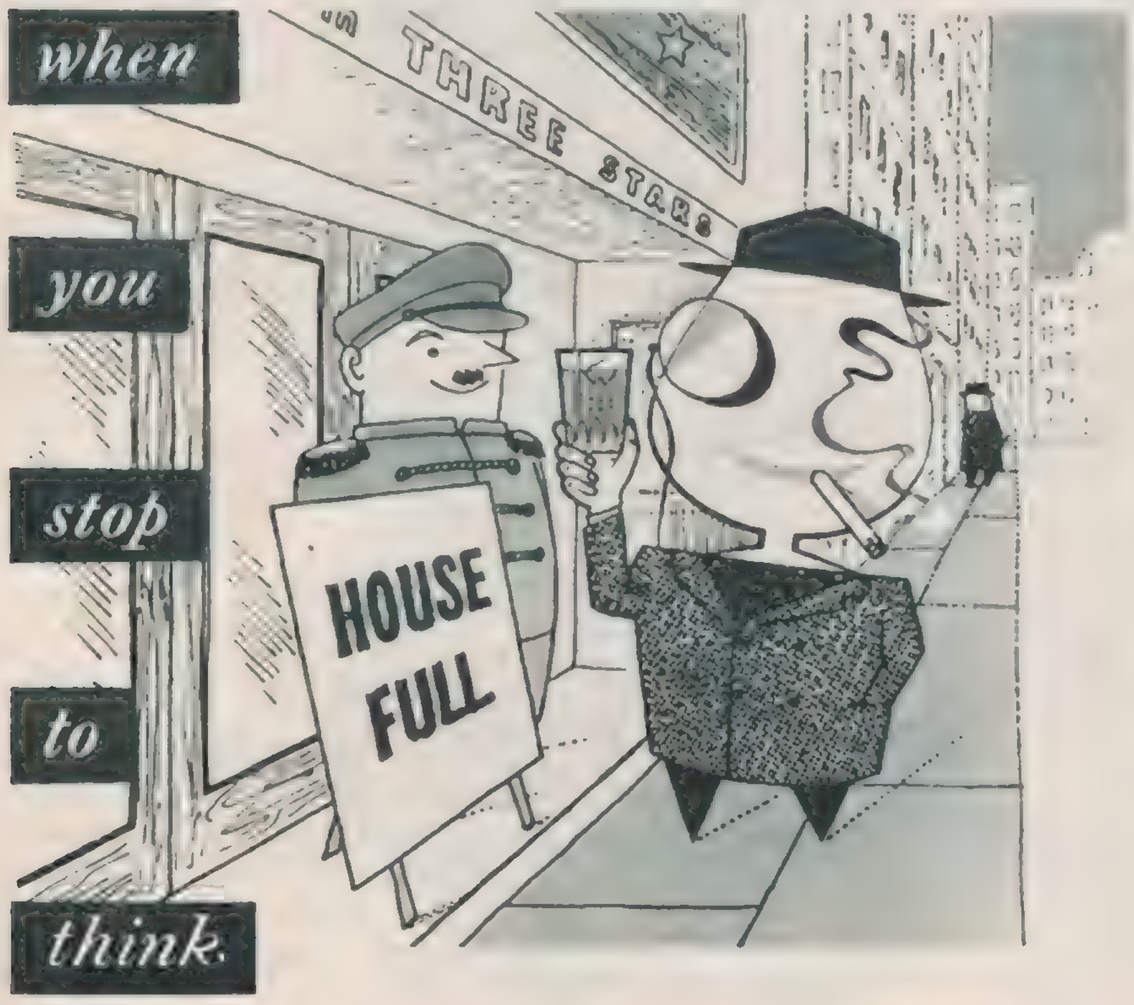

there's nothing like a long Martell

THE LONG DRINK WITH GINGER ALE OR SODA

Make friends with MARTELL

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

Murder runs amok!

continued from previous page

me out of it.' I did not hear any more. I went back into the kitchen. There were things to prepare for supper."

"Did you hear him leave?"

"Yes, indeed. He was shouting. I came from the kitchen. He was standing there in the front hall—very angry—shouting out that he'd come back, that his mother had better have the money ready for him. Or else! That is what he said: 'Or else!' It was a threat."

"And then?"

"He went off, banging the door. Mrs. Argyle came out into the hall. She was very pale and upset. She said to me, 'You heard?'

"I said: 'He is in trouble?' "

KIRSTEN went on: "She nodded. Then she went upstairs to the library to Mr. Argyle. I laid the table for supper, and then I went up to put my outdoor things on. The Women's Institute were having a flower arrangement competition next day. There were some books we had promised them."

"You took the books to the Institute—what time did you return to the house?"

"It must have been about half past seven. I let myself in with my key. I went in at once to Mrs. Argyle's room—to give her a message of thanks and a note—she was at the desk, her head forward on her hands. And there was the poker, flung down—and drawers of the bureau pulled out. There had been a burglar, I thought. She had been attacked. And I was right. *Now* you know that I was right! It *was* a burglar—somebody from outside!"

"Somebody whom Mrs. Argyle herself let in?"

"Why not?" said Kirsten defiantly. "She was kind——always very kind. And she was not afraid—of people or things. Besides it is not as though she were alone in the house. There were others—her husband, Gwenda, Mary. She had only to call out."

"But she didn't call out," Huish pointed out.

"No. Because whoever it was must have told her some very plausible story. She would always listen." Her eyes were both frightened and pleading. "It *must* have been like that—it must!"

He was interested in her insistence. Was it fear for herself? She *could* have killed her employer there and then, pulling out the drawers to lend verisimilitude to the idea of a burglar. Medical evidence could not put the time of death closer than between 7 and 7.30.

He turned to the Durrants.

"You didn't hear anything, either of you?"

"Not a thing."

"I took a tray with tea up to our room," said Mary. "It's rather shut off from the rest of the house. We were there until we heard somebody screaming. It was Kirsten. She'd just found Mother dead."

"You didn't leave the room at all until then?"

"No." Her limpid gaze met his. "We were playing picquet."

NOW Huish turned towards the other two members of the family, who up to now had sat without making a sound. Micky had sat with his arms folded and a faint sneer on his face. Tina, small and graceful, leaned back in her chair, her eyes moving occasionally from face to face.

"Neither of you two were in the house, I know," he said. "But perhaps you'll just refresh my memory as to what you *were* doing that evening?"

"Does your memory really need refreshing?" asked Micky, with his sneer even more pronounced. "I can still say my piece. I was out testing a car. Unfortunately cars are dumb; they can't testify."

"And you, Miss Argyle? You work at the library in Redmyn?"

"Yes. It closes at half past five. I did a little shopping in the High Street. Then I went home. I have a flat—flatlet really—in Morecombe Mansions. I cooked my own supper and enjoyed a quiet evening playing records."

"You didn't go out at all?"

There was a slight pause before she said: "No, I didn't go out."

"I'm afraid this hasn't helped you much, Superintendent," said Leo.

"You never know, Mr. Argyle. You realize, I suppose, one of the oddest things about the whole business?"

"I—I'm not quite sure that I follow you."

"The money," said Huish. "The money Mrs. Argyle drew from the bank including that fiver with Mrs. Bottleberry, Bangor Road, written on the back of it. That fiver, and others, were found on Jack Argyle when he was arrested. He must have had it with him when he left here. Who gave it to him? Did you?"

He turned squarely on Kirsten Lindstrom, who flushed indignantly. "Me? No, of course not."

"Where was the money kept that Mrs. Argyle had drawn from the bank?"

"She usually kept it in a drawer of her bureau," said Kirsten.

Huish looked at Hester. "Did you take the money from the drawer and give it to your brother?"

"I didn't even know he was there. And how could I take it without Mother knowing?"

Huish said: "Then you see where that leads us. Mrs. Argyle, in spite of what she told *you*," he looked at Leo, "must have given him that money *herself*. She wouldn't be the first mother to be softer about her son than she wanted to admit."

"You're wrong, Huish. My wife never indulged in evasion."

"After all," said Huish softly, "we've got to look at the whole thing from a different point of view now. At the time of the arrest we thought Jack Argyle was lying. But now we find he spoke the truth about the hitch-hike he had from Calgary, so presumably he was speaking the truth about the money, too. He said that his mother gave it to him. Therefore, presumably, she did."

There was silence—an uncomfortable silence.

Huish got up. "Well, thank you. I'm afraid the trail is pretty cold by now, but you never know."

Leo escorted him to the door. When he came back he said with a sigh: "Well, that's over. For the present. . . ."

Tina wrapped a fur-collared tweed coat round her and went out with Micky.

"I've just been offered a job out in the Persian Gulf," Micky told her, "with one of the oil companies. The job's looking after motor transport."

"Are you going?"

"No, I don't think so. . . . What's the good?"

They walked round to the back of the house and started down a zig-zag path through trees, which led finally to the beach on the river below. Half-way down there was a small summer-house sheltered from the wind.

Tina put a small hand on his arm. "Come, Micky, sit down here. Must you be so unhappy always?"

"My dear girl, you don't begin to understand the first thing about it."

"I understand a good deal," said Tina. "Why can't you forget about her, Micky?"

"Forget about her? Who on earth

ENVY—4

Envy has, among other ingredients, a mixture of the love of justice in it. We are more angry at undeserved than at deserved good fortune.

William Hazlitt

are you talking about?" Micky asked her.

"Your mother," said Tina.

"Forget about her!" said Micky bitterly. "Is there much chance of forgetting after this morning?"

"I did not mean that," said Tina. "I meant your real mother."

"Why should I think about her? I never saw her after I was six years old."

"But Micky, you did think about her. All the time."

"Did I ever tell you so?"

"Sometimes one knows about these things," said Tina.

Micky turned and looked at her. "You're such a quiet, soft little creature, Tina. Like a little black cat. *You* didn't hate her, did you, Tina? All the rest of us did."

"It was not Mrs. Argyle you hated, Micky, it was your own mother. Yes, I know that what I am saying is true. And if you killed Mrs. Argyle, as you may have done, then it was your own mother you wanted to kill."

"Tina! What the hell are you talking about?"

"And now," went on Tina, talking calmly, "you have nobody to hate any longer. And that makes you quite lonely, doesn't it? But you've got to learn to live without hate, Micky. It may be difficult, but it can be done."

"I don't know what you're talking about. What did you mean by saying that I may have killed her? You know perfectly well I was nowhere near here that day. I was testing out a customer's car up on the Moor Road, by Minchin Hill."

"Were you?" said Tina. She got up and stepped forward till she stood at the Lookout Point from where you could look down to the river below.

Micky said hoarsely: "Have you believed all along, Tina, that I was here the night Mother was killed?"

Tina did not reply.

"You didn't say anything at the time."

"Why should I? There was no need. I mean, it was so obvious that Jacko had killed her."

"And now it's equally obvious that Jacko didn't kill her."

Again Tina nodded.

"And so?" Micky asked. "And so?"

She did not answer him, but walked up the path to the house. . . .

ON the little beach by the point, Hester scuffled the sand with the point of her shoe. "I don't see what there is to talk about," she said. "Talking about a thing never does any good."

"Darling, I want to help you. Don't you understand?"

"Well, talking about it doesn't help me. I just want to forget. If you'd help me to forget, that would be different."

"Hester, dearest, it's no good running away from things. You'd no reason, had you, no earthly reason for doing away with your mother?"

"No, not really," said Hester.

"What do you mean by not really?"

"I often thought about killing her," said Hester in a matter-of-fact voice. "I used to say: 'I wish she was dead, I wish she was dead.' Sometimes," she added, "I dreamed that I killed her."

"Listen, Hester." The young man took her hand in his. "You've got to tell me the truth. I love you—and I'll stand by you. If—if you killed her I—I think I can find out the reasons why. I don't think it will have been exactly your fault. Do you understand? Certainly I'd never go to the police about it. But I've got to know the truth."

"The truth?" said Hester. A very slow, mocking smile curved the corners of her mouth upwards. "Would you believe me if I told you I didn't kill her?"

"Of course I'd—I'd believe you."

"I don't think you would," said Hester.

She turned sharply away from him and began running up the path.

"Oh, *hell*," said Desmond Craig.

• • •

"But I don't want to go home just yet," said Philip Durrant. He spoke with a plaintive irritability.

"But, Philip, really, there's nothing to stay here for any longer. I do so hate it here."

"But why?"

"Philip," Mary caught her breath, "you're not *still* harping on—on that idea of yours?"

"I want desperately to know who did it. Didn't you care enough for your mother to want to know who killed her? Aren't you anxious to know who didn't?"

"What good would it do, knowing who killed her? For two years we've been quite satisfied that Jacko killed her."

"Yes," said Philip, "lovely the way we've all been satisfied."

"It's the sort of thing you oughtn't to meddle about with," said Mary. "No good can come of your meddling about with it. Oh, Philip, please, please, *don't* do anything more. Let's go home and forget all about the whole business."

"It's no good, Polly. I've got a mission in life. I've persuaded myself that it's very much in the public interest that I should get down to it. Now, where shall I start? I rather think I'll work on Kirsty first. In many ways she's really rather a simple soul."

"I wish—oh, how I wish," said Mary, "that you'd give all this crazy idea up and come home. We were so happy. Everything was going along so well. . . ."

Mary's voice broke as she turned away from him.

"I couldn't forget about it all," said Philip. "I'd only go on worrying and puzzling and thinking. Let's stay here till the end of the week anyway, Mary, and then, well, we'll see."

IN his wheeled chair he was propelling himself along the passage. Hester was leaning out of the window half-way along it. She started, and drew her head in. "And what are *you* doing, Hester, my love?" asked Philip.

"Oh, it's you," she said.

"Are you observing the universe, or considering suicide?" asked Philip.

"Micky used to climb down the magnolia tree from this window. It was his secret way in and out. Mother never knew."

"The things parents never know. One could write a book about it. But if it's suicide you are contemplating, Hester, just by the summer house would be a better place to jump from."

"Where it juts out over the river? Yes, one would be dashed on the rocks below."

"The trouble with you, Hester, is that you're so melodramatic in your imaginings. Most people are quite satisfied with arranging themselves tidily in the gas oven or measuring themselves out an enormous number of sleeping pills."

"I'm glad you're here," said Hester, unexpectedly. "You don't mind talking about things, do you?"

"Well, actually, I haven't much else to do nowadays," said Philip. "Come into my room and we'll do some more talking."

PHILIP propelled himself along and Hester walked beside him. She opened the door of the sitting-room and he wheeled himself in. Hester followed.

"But you understand," said Hester. "Why?"

"Well, there's a time, you know, when one thinks about such things. . . . When this business first happened to me, for instance, and I knew that I might be a cripple for life. . . ."

"Yes," said Hester, "that must have been terrible."

Philip said: "One gets used to anything. That's something, Hester, that you don't appreciate at the moment. But you'll come to it. Unless you do something very rash and very silly first. Now come on, tell me all about it. What's the trouble? I suppose you've had a row with your boy friend?"

"It wasn't a row," said Hester. "It was much worse than a row."

"What a terrible girl you are for dramatizing yourself," said Philip.

"He thinks I killed Mother."

"Oh," said Philip, and paused a minute. "Did you?" he asked.

She wheeled round at him. "Why do you ask me that? Why?"

"I thought it would be interesting to know," said Philip. "All in the family, so to speak. Not for passing on to the authorities."

"He told me he knew I'd killed her," said Hester. "He told me that if I'd only admit it, that—that he wouldn't let it matter between us."

Philip whistled.

"Well, well, well," he said.

"What's the good?" asked Hester. "What's the good of telling him I didn't kill her? He wouldn't believe it, would he?"

"The truth often does sound unconvincing," Philip encouraged her.

"We don't know," said Hester. "Nobody knows. We all *look* at each other. Mary looks at me. And Kirsten. She's so kind to me, so protective. She thinks it's me, too. What chance have I? That's it, don't you see? What chance have I? It'd be better, much better, to go down to the Point, throw myself over. . . ."

"Don't be a little idiot," said Philip. He shot out an arm and pulled her to him.

Hester half fell across his chair. He kissed her.

"What you need is a husband, my girl," he said. "Not that solemn young ass, Desmond Craig, with his head full of psychiatry and jargon. You're silly and idiotic and—completely lovely, Hester."

The door opened. Mary Durrant stood abruptly still in the doorway. Hester struggled to an upright position and Philip gave his wife a sheepish grin.

"I'm just cheering up Hester, Polly," he said.

"Oh," said Mary.

She came in, carefully placing the tray on a small table. Then she wheeled the table up beside him. She did not look at Hester. Hester looked uncertainly from husband to wife.

"Oh, well," she said, "perhaps I'd better go and—go and. . . ." She didn't finish.

She went out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Hester's in a bad way," said Philip. "Contemplating suicide. I was trying to dissuade her," he added.

Mary did not answer.

"Polly, have I made you angry?"

Mary Durrant said: "Your soup will get cold if you don't drink it."

She went through the door to the bedroom and shut it behind her. . . .

"He wants you to have a drink of water with him"

CALGARY looked surprised. "A young lady?" He could not think who was likely to visit him. "Oh, well. Show her up then."

"You!" The exclamation came out with full surprise. Then: "Come in, come in," he said. He drew her inside and shut the door.

"Please," said Hester, "please, you've got to help me."

"To help you?" He was startled. "In what way? Of course I'll help you if I can."

"I didn't know what to do," said Hester. "I didn't know who to come to. But somebody's got to help me or I can't go on—and you're the person. You started it all."

He cleared papers off an armchair and settled her there. Then he went over to the cupboard that stood in the corner.

"You must have a glass of wine," he said. "A glass of dry sherry. Will that suit you?"

"If you like. It doesn't matter."

"Don't worry," he said gently, as he put the glass by her side and filled it. "Things are never quite so bad as they seem, you know."

"People say that, but it's not true," said Hester. Sometimes they're worse than they seem." She sipped the wine, then she said accusingly: "We were all right till you came. Quite all right. Then—then it all started."

"I won't pretend," said Arthur Calgary, "that I don't know what you mean. It took me completely aback when you first said that to me, but now I understand better what my—my information must have brought to you."

HESTER said: "I had a dream. There's somebody—a young man—a doctor——"

"I see," said Calgary. "You are friends or, perhaps, more than friends?"

"I thought," said Hester, "we were more than friends. . . . And he thought so, too. But you see, now that all this has come up——"

"Yes?" said Calgary.

"He thinks I did it," said Hester. Her words came with a rush. "Or perhaps he doesn't think I did it, but he's not sure. He can't be sure. He thinks—I can see he thinks—that I'm the most likely person. Perhaps I am. Perhaps we all think that about each other. And I thought, somebody has got to help us in the terrible mess we're in, and I thought of you because of the dream. You see I was lost and I couldn't find Desmond. He'd left me and there was a great big sort of ravine thing—"

"And you were there on the other side, and you held out your hands and said, 'I want to help you.'" She drew a deep breath. "So I came to you. You'll say, perhaps, that it's no business of yours. You'll say——"

"No," said Calgary, interrupting her. "I shall not say anything of the kind. It is my business, Hester."

"Oh." Colour flamed up into Hester's

Murder runs amok!

continued from previous page

face. Suddenly, as was the way with her, she looked beautiful. "So I'm not alone," she said. "There is somebody."

"Yes, my dear, there is somebody—for what he's worth. Now tell me all about it," he said. "Has it been very bad?"

"It's one of us, you see," said Hester. "We all know that. Mr. Marshall came and we pretended it must have been somebody who got in, but he knew it wasn't. It's one of us."

"Tell me," he said, "exactly what has been happening."

"Just what I thought would happen," said Hester. "We've all been looking at each other and wondering, and we don't know. Father looks at Gwenda and thinks perhaps it was her. She looks at Father and isn't sure. And Tina thinks Micky had something to do with it. And Kirsten thinks I did it and tries to protect me. And Mary thinks Kirsten did it."

"And who do you think did it, Hester?"

"Me?" Hester sounded startled.

CALGARY said: "Yes, Hester. Think. Think as hard as you can, because if I'm ever going to be able to help you I've got to see things through your mind."

"Micky hated Mother," said Hester slowly. "He always did—I don't know why. Tina, I think, loved her. Gwenda didn't like her. Kirsten was always loyal to Mother, though she didn't always think that Mother was right in all the things she did. Father—" she paused for a long time.

"Yes?" Calgary prompted her.

"Father's gone a long way away again," said Hester. "After Mother died, you know, he was quite different. Not so—what shall I call it—remote, far away. He'd been more human, more alive. But now he's gone back to some—some sort of shadowy place where you can't get at him. I don't know what he felt about Mother, really—Oh, Doctor Calgary, it's frightening!"

He took both her hands in his. "You're not a child any longer," he said. "Only children are frightened. You're grown-up, Hester. You're a woman." He released her hands and said in a matter-of-fact tone: "Is there anywhere you can stay in London?"

Hester looked slightly bewildered. "I suppose so. I don't know. Mother usually stayed at Curtis's."

"Well, that's a very nice, quiet hotel. I should go there and book a room if I were you."

"It sounds wonderful," said Hester. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes," said Calgary. "I really mean it Now I'm going to put you in a taxi, my dear, and you go off to Curtis's. And wash your face and brush your hair," he went on. "Have you got any luggage with you?"

"Oh, yes. I've got a sort of overnight bag."

"Good." He smiled at her. "Don't worry, Hester," he said again. "We'll think of something. . . ."

PHILIP said: "I want to talk to you, Kirsty."

"Yes, of course, Philip."

Kirsten Lindstrom paused in her task. She had just brought in some washing which she was putting away in the chest of drawers.

"I want to talk to you about all this business," said Philip. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I think you, Philip, should go home with your wife—to your own home."

"Oh, you do, do you? Why, in particular?"

"You are asking questions," said Kirsten. "You are trying to find out things. And your wife does not want you to do it. She is wiser than you are. You might find out something you did not want to find out, or that she did not want you to find out. You should go home, Philip. You should go home very soon."

"Yes," said Philip. "I agree with you there. But what about yourself, Kirsten? Oughtn't you to go away, too?"

"It is too late for me to go away."

Philip looked at her thoughtfully. Then he said: "We know who did it quite well, don't we, Kirsty? You and I?"

She shot a quick horrified glance at him.

"I thought as much," said Philip exultantly.

"What do you mean?" said Kirsten. "What are you trying to say?"

"I *don't* really know who did it," said Philip. "*But you do.* You don't only think you know who did it, you actually *do know*. I'm right, aren't I?"

Kirsten marched to the door. She opened it, then turned back to face him, and spoke.

"It is not a polite thing to say, but I will say it. You are a fool, Philip. What you are trying to do is dangerous."

"And what about you, Kirsty? Aren't you in danger, too?"

"I can take care of myself," said Kirsten grimly. "I can be on my guard. But you, Philip, are in an invalid chair and helpless. . . . Think of that!"

His sense of excitement grew. He had a feeling he was getting very near indeed. His experiment with Kirsten had been highly satisfactory, but he doubted that he would get any more out of her.

He drew a sheet of paper towards him and began to write. Brief notes, names, question marks. . . . A vulnerable spot to probe. . . .

Then he drew another sheet of paper towards him.

When Mary came in, he hardly looked up.

"What are you doing, Philip?"

"Writing a letter."

"To Hester?"

"Hester? No. I don't even know where she's staying. Kirsty just had a postcard from her with London written at the top, that was all." He grinned at her. "I believe you're jealous, Polly. Are you?"

"Perhaps."

"I'm writing to Tina. Tina's my next line of attack. Where are you going, Polly?"

"To the bathroom," said Mary, as she went out of the room.

Philip laughed. To the bathroom, just as she had gone to the bathroom on the night of the murder. . . .

SUPERINTENDENT HUISH said encouragingly, "Come on, sonny. Let's hear all about it."

Master Cyril Green took a deep breath. Before he could speak, his mother interposed.

"As you might say, Mr. Huish, I didn't take much notice at the time. You know what these children are. Always talking and thinking about space ships and things."

Superintendent Huish sighed and thought how much easier it would be if mothers would not insist on accompanying their sons and talking for them.

"Come on, Cyril," he said, "you went home and told your Mum—that's right, isn't it?—that you'd seen this flying saucer—whatever it was."

"Didn't know no better then," said Cyril. "I was only a kid then. That's two years ago. Course, I know better now."

"Them bubble cars," his mother put in, "was quite new at the time. There hadn't been one about locally."

Superintendent Huish addressed himself patiently once more to young Master Green.

"It was in the evening, I understand? What time, do you remember?"

"I'd had me tea," said Cyril, breathing hard in the effort of remembrance, "and Mum was out at the institute, so I went out again a bit with the boys and we larked around a bit up that way, down the new road. And that's where I saw it. 'Coo,' I said, 'what's this?' O' course, I know now. It was one o' them bubble cars. Bright red."

"And the time?" said Superintendent Huish patiently.

"Well, as I say, must have been near on seven o'clock, because I heard the clock strike and 'Coo,' I thought, 'Mum'll be home and won't she create if I'm not there.' So I went home. I told her then that I thought I'd seen that flying saucer come down. Mum said it were all lies, but it wasn't."

After a few more questions Huish dismissed the talkative Mrs. Green and her offspring.

P.C. Good, who had brought in the boy, put on a gratified expression.

"It just come to me," said P.C. Good, "that that boy'd been around saying about Russians doing Mrs. Argyle in. I thought to meself, 'Well, that may mean something.'"

"It does mean something," said the superintendent, "Miss Tina Argyle has a red bubble car."

TINA looked at the superintendent. "It is so long ago," she said, "really I cannot remember."

"You car was seen there that night," said Huish. "You told us that you went home and didn't go out that evening. Now, that isn't true. Just before seven o'clock your car was seen in the road quite near to Sunny Point. What were you doing there?"

She did not answer. Huish waited a few moments, then he spoke again.

"Did you go into the house?"

"No," said Tina.

"But you were there?"

Tina sighed. "Yes," she said, "I did drive out to the house that evening."

"Listen, Miss Argyle. That was the night that your mother was murdered. She was killed between seven o'clock and half past that evening. You were there, your car was there, at some time before seven. How long it was there we do not know. It is possible, you know, that it may have been there for some time. It may be that you went into the house—you have a key, I think. . . ."

"Yes," said Tina, "I have a key."

"Perhaps you went into the house. Perhaps you went into your mother's sitting-room and found her there, dead. Or perhaps. . . ."

Tina raised her head. "Or perhaps I killed her? Is that what you want to say, Superintendent Huish?"

"It is one possibility," said Huish, "but I think it's more likely, Miss Argyle, somebody else did the killing. If so, I think you know—or have at least a very strong suspicion—who the killer was."

Tina said: "I saw nobody."

"But you heard something," said Huish shrewdly. "What did you hear, Miss Argyle?"

Again that dark, opaque look met his. "I know nothing," said Tina. "I didn't see anything and I didn't hear anything. I just—changed my mind."

• • •

Calgary and Huish looked at each other. "You don't know who I am, I'm afraid," Calgary began.

"Oh, we know all about you, Doctor Calgary," said Huish. "You're the man who queered the Argyle case."

"You can hardly regard me favourably then," said Calgary.

"It's all in the day's work," said Superintendent Huish. "But what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"I'd like a great deal more information about Jacko Argyle."

"Well, that's simple enough," said Huish. "He'd been on probation twice. On another occasion, for embezzlement of funds, he was just saved by being able to put up the money in time."

"The budding young criminal, in fact?" asked Calgary.

"Quite right, sir," said Huish. "Not a murderer, as you've made clear to us, but a good many other things. Nothing, mind you, on the grand scale. He hadn't got the brains or the nerve to put up a big swindle. Just a small-time criminal. Pinching money out of tills, wheedling it out of women."

"And he was good at that?" said Calgary.

"And a very nice safe line it is," said Superintendent Huish. "Women fell for him very easily. Middle-aged or elderly were the ones he usually went for. You'd be surprised how gullible that type of woman can be."

"Was there ever blackmail?" Calgary asked.

"Not that we know of," said Huish. "Mind you, I wouldn't have put it past him. Not out and out blackmail I'd say. Just a hint or two, perhaps. Letters. Foolish letters. Things their husbands wouldn't like to know about."

"There's one member of the Argyle family I haven't met yet," said Calgary. "The eldest daughter."

"Ah. Mrs. Durrant."

"I went to her house, but it was shut up. They told me she and her husband were away."

"They are at Sunny Point."

"Still there?"

"Yes. He wanted to stay on. Mr. Durrant," added Huish, "is doing a bit of detecting, I understand. Thinks he's on to something, too."

"And is he?" asked Calgary.

Huish shrugged. "He might be, at

"I'm in the orchard, dear"

that," he said. "He's a better chance than we have, you know. He knows the family and its feelings, and he's a man with a good deal of intuition as well as intelligence."

"Do you think he'll be able to get anywhere?"

"Possibly," said Huish, "but he won't tell *us* if he does. They'll keep it all in the family. . . ."

• • •

Maureen Clegg was surprised. "Oo, it's you again!"

"I'm very, very sorry to bother you," said Calgary.

"I'm expecting Joe back in a minute," said Maureen. "I haven't seen any more about Jacko in the papers. I mean not since it said how he got a free pardon, and a bit about a question being asked in Parliament and then saying that it was quite clear he didn't do it. But there's nothing more about who really did it. Can't they find out?"

"Have you still no idea yourself?"

"Lots of rumours flying around," said Maureen. "Hallo, here's Joe."

JOE CLEGG also looked surprised to see Calgary and possibly not too pleased. They talked for a while and then Calgary came to the purpose of his visit.

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd mind giving me a name and address?"

He wrote it down carefully in his notebook. . . .

She was about fifty, he thought, a heavy, cumbrous woman who could never have been good looking. She had nice eyes, though, brown and kindly.

"Well, really, Doctor Calgary." She was doubtful, upset, "Well, really, I'm sure I don't know. . . ."

He leaned forward, trying his utmost to dispel her reluctance, to soothe her, to make her feel his sympathy.

"You want to know all about—Jackie?"

"Yes."

" 'I'm old enough to be your mother,' I used to say to him, and he'd say he didn't care for girls. Crude, he used to say girls were. He used to say women who were experienced and mature were what attracted him."

"Was he very much in love with you?" said Calgary.

"He said he was. He seemed to be." Her lips trembled. "And all the time, I suppose, all he was after was the money."

"Not necessarily," said Calgary, straining the truth as far as he could. "He may have been genuinely attracted, you know, as well. Only—he just couldn't help being crooked."

The pathetic middle-aged face brightened a little.

"Yes," she said, "it's nice to think that. Well, there it was. We used to make plans; how we'd go away together to France or Italy, if this scheme of his came off. It just needed a bit of capital, he said."

The usual approach, thought Calgary, and wondered how many pathetic women fell for it.

"He's dead now. . . . But I shall never forget him. Oh, he had a way with him. He wasn't all bad; I'm sure he wasn't *all* bad."

But for that Calgary had no answer.

No presentiment had warned Philip Durrant that this day was different from any other day. He had no idea that today would decide his future once and for all. Kirsten brought him a telephone message which increased his good spirits.

"Tina's coming over for tea," he told Mary when she came in with his breakfast.

"Is she? Oh, yes, of course, it's her afternoon off, isn't it?"

"Tina knows something."

"You mean—about the murder?"

"Yes."

"But how can she? She wasn't even here that night."

"I wonder, now. I think, you know, that she *was*. Funny how odd little things turn up to help. That daily—Mrs. Narracott, the tall one—she told me something."

"What did she tell you?"

"A bit of gossip. Mrs. Somebody or other's Ernie—no—Cyril. He'd had to go with his mother to the police station. Something he'd seen on the night poor Mrs. Argyle was done in."

"What had he seen?"

"Well, there Mrs. Narracott was rather vague. She hadn't got it out of Mrs. Somebody yet. But one can guess, can't one, Polly? Cyril wasn't inside the house, so he must have seen something outside. That gives us two guesses. He saw Micky, or he saw Tina. It's my guess that Tina came out here that night."

"She'd have said so."

"Not necessarily. It sticks out a mile that Tina knows something she isn't telling. Say she drove out that night. Perhaps she came into the house and found your mother dead."

"And went away again without saying anything? Nonsense."

"There may have been reasons. . . . She may have seen or heard something that made her think she knew who'd done it."

"Tina won't tell if she doesn't want to."

"No, I agree. And she's a great one for keeping things to herself. But she's not really a good liar—she's not nearly as good a liar as you are, for instance. . . ."

"Oh, leave it all alone, Phil! Do leave it alone! It will all die down and be forgotten."

"No. This thing has got to be cleared up. Otherwise we'll have Hester throwing herself out of windows and Kirsty having a nervous breakdown. Leo's already freezing up into a kind of stalactite. As for poor old Gwenda, she's on the point of accepting a post in Rhodesia."

"What does it matter what happens to them?"

"Nobody matters but us—that's what you mean?"

"I don't know what you mean."

Philip gave a sharp exasperated sigh. He pushed his breakfast tray aside.

"Take this thing away. I don't want any more."

"But Philip——"

He made an impatient gesture. Mary picked up the tray and carried it out of the room. Philip wheeled himself over to the writing table. Pen in hand, he stared out of the window. He felt a curious oppression of spirit. He had been so full of excitement a while ago. Now he felt uneasy and restless.

But presently he rallied. He covered two sheets of paper rapidly. Then he sat back and considered.

It was plausible. It was possible. But he wasn't entirely satisfied. Was he really on the right tack? He couldn't be sure. Motive. Motive was what was so damnably lacking. Somewhere, something had escaped him.

He wheeled himself out of the sitting-room into the bedroom next door. He wheeled his chair close to the window and looked out. Down below, one of the daily women stood outside the kitchen window and talked to somebody inside. Their voices, softly accented in the local dialect, floated up to him. . . .

His eyes widening, he remained as though entranced.

A sound from the next room awakened him from his preoccupation. He wheeled himself to the connecting door.

Gwenda Vaughan was standing by the writing table. She turned towards him and he was startled by the haggardness of her face.

"Hallo, Gwenda."

"Hallo, Philip. Leo thought you might like the paper."

"Oh, thanks."

"This is a nice room," said Gwenda looking round her. "I don't believe I've ever been in it before."

"Quite the Royal Suite, isn't it?" said Philip. "Away from everybody. Ideal for invalids and honeymoon couples."

Just too late he wished he had not used the last two words. Gwenda's face quivered. "When are you and Leo getting married?"

"We probably never shall."

"Dash it all, Gwenda, one has to take some risks."

"I'm willing to take risks," said

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"Use local turf when patching your lawn," says Percy Thrower. It has a far better chance of flourishing, particularly in inland areas, than more expensive Cumberland varieties

MANY people, when I mention lawns to them at this time of year, say that nothing much can be done until the spring. In fact, only by careful and thorough renovating now can a really good, green velvet carpet of a lawn be expected next summer.

Since early spring the mower has gone backwards and forwards. Often the grass has had to be mown when too wet. Feet have continually trodden it down and maybe children have played on it. The surface has become hard and sealed, particularly in such a wet summer.

The first vital task is thoroughly to rake the whole surface of the lawn.

If you can spare the time, a hard raking in two different directions not only loosens the surface of the lawn, but removes dead grass and discourages mosses. Some of the live grass will unavoidably be raked out, too, but this need cause no concern; grasses soon thicken again.

Put in new turf

If any daisies, dandelions or plantains are left in the lawn, grub them out carefully. Most likely the grass will close over the bare spots left. In extreme cases, new turf can be inserted.

Air is as important to the roots of grass plants as it is to the tops, and this means prodding the lawn's surface to allow air to penetrate into the soil. Nothing creates acid conditions and encourages moss to grow more than a sealed surface.

The ordinary four- or five-pronged garden fork can be wielded with good effect. Walk slowly backwards, thrusting the prongs two or three inches into the turf, at intervals of three or four inches.

Any bare patches on the lawn must be made good. It is, of course, too late in the year to sow seed, and if seeding is preferred, this ought to be left until early spring, particularly in northern counties.

An alternative plan, and in my opinion a much better one, is to repair the patches with turf.

Although Cumberland turf is justly famed, it does not always thrive in inland areas. Good local turf, cut from a building site or supplied by a nursery, stands the best chance and is not likely to cost more than a few shillings per square yard.

The easiest way of tackling the job is to lay the section of new turf over the patch and cut round it with a spade to a depth of one inch.

Then move the turf to one side and, with the help of the guiding cuts make a hole one inch deep. Lightly fork over the bottom of the hole and mix some winter lawn fertilizer or a little bone meal with it.

Place the new turf into the hole and it should be a perfect fit. Make it firm by treading on it, or by gently beating it with the back of the spade. If necessary, sprinkle some fine soil to fill in the cracks.

The spring and summer mowing of the lawn has made the grass plants lose more than any others in the garden, and I like to improve the lawn in the autumn by adding some rich soil from the vegetable patch.

Fertilizer is needed

I do this through a quarter-inch riddle and spread the soil evenly over the surface, allowing four to five pounds for each square yard. This has to be done when both weather and grass are dry; the soil must never be left lying on top of the blades.

Work the soil in with the garden rake, so that it finds its way down among the blades and into the holes which have been made with the fork.

In addition, some fertilizer is needed. There are excellent branded fertilizers for autumn and winter application, and these can be sprinkled evenly over the lawn, allowing two to four ounces for each square yard. They are much slower in action than those applied during the spring and summer months, and more lasting.

Incidentally, on no account should the lawn be rolled at this time of year. It will do more harm than good by sealing the surface. THE END

At the first hint of frost...

TAKE a sniff at the air morning and evening. Your nose will tell you when there's frost about. If there is, you have a lot to do. First of all, gather your outdoor tomatoes and ripen them indoors. Make the most of your beans—by that I mean, take the best ones and eat them quickly, and hope that the rest will last a few days until you have the chance to use them. Get the marrows indoors, too. Frost doesn't help them much. And you might as well take the last blooms from your geraniums, fuchsias and chrysanthemums and have a house full of fresh-cut garden flowers for the last time this year.

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Murder runs amok!

continued from page 41

Gwenda. "I've never minded taking risks. I'm willing to gamble on happiness. But Leo——"

"Yes? Leo?"

"Leo," said Gwenda, "will probably die as he has lived, the husband of Rachel Argyle." The anger and bitterness in her eyes startled him.

"She might just as well be alive," said Gwenda. "She's *here*—in the house—all the time. . . ."

TINA parked her car on the grass by the churchyard wall. She removed the paper carefully from the flowers she had brought, then she walked in through the cemetery gates and along the main path. Mrs. Argyle's grave was well kept. It had a square marble surround filled with granite chips, a granite cross rising from the back of it.

Tina, holding her carnations, bent to read the inscription: *In loving memory of Rachel Louise Argyle who departed this life on November 9, 1957.*

There was a footstep behind her and Tina turned her head, startled.

"Micky!"

"I've taken a job with an oil company. Middle East. I'm going off in about three weeks."

"And you came here to say goodbye to Mother first?"

"Yes. Perhaps to thank her and to say I'm sorry. Do you often come here with flowers?"

"I come here once a year," said Tina. "That's all."

They turned together and walked back down the cemetery path.

"I didn't kill her, Tina," said Micky. "I swear I didn't. I want you to believe me."

"Micky, I was there that night," said Tina.

He wheeled round. "You were there? You mean at Sunny Point?"

"Yes. I was thinking of changing my job. I wanted to consult Father and Mother about it."

"Well," said Micky, "go on."

"I drove there. I didn't take the car right up to the gate. I got out of the car and I walked towards the house."

"What time was this?" asked Micky.

"I don't know," said Tina. "I can't remember now. I was under the trees and walking very softly when I heard two people whispering."

"Yes?" Micky's body had tensed. "What did they say?"

"They said—one of them said, 'Between seven and seven thirty. That's the time. Now remember that and don't make a muck of it. Between seven and seven thirty.' The other person whispered, 'You can trust me,' and then the first voice said 'And after that, darling, everything will be wonderful.'"

MICKY was silent, and then said, "Well—why have you held this up?"

"Because I didn't know," said Tina. "I didn't know who was speaking."

"But surely! Was it a man or a woman?"

"I don't know," said Tina. "Don't you see, when two people are whispering, you don't hear the *voice*. It's just—well, just a whisper. I think, of course I think, it was a man and a woman because——"

"—Because of what they said?"

"Yes. But I didn't know who they were."

"You thought," said Micky, "that it might have been Father and Gwenda?"

"It's possible, isn't it?" said Tina. "It might have meant that Gwenda was to leave the house and come back between those times, or it might have been Gwenda telling Father to come down between seven and half past."

"If it was Father and Gwenda, you wouldn't want to turn them over to the police? Is that it?"

"If I were sure," said Tina. "But I'm not sure."

"You didn't see him—the man?"

"No," said Tina. "I turned back towards the car, and then somebody came by on the other side of the road, walking very fast. He was just a shadow in the darkness. And then, I thought—I thought I heard a car start up."

"You thought it was *me* . . ." said Micky.

"I didn't know," said Tina. "It *could* have been you."

They reached Tina's little car. "Come on, Tina," said Micky, "get in. We'll drive down to Sunny Point."

"What are you going to do, Micky?"

"Why should you think I'm going to do anything? Weren't you going to Sunny Point anyway?"

"Yes," said Tina, "I was. I had a letter from Philip."

"So he's up to something, is he?" said Micky. "Interesting."

It was a very short distance to Sunny Point. When they got there, Micky said, "You go in, Tina. I'm going to walk up and down the garden a bit, thinking of things. Go on. See Philip."

She turned away from him and walked slowly into the house. Micky looked after her, his head thrust forward, his hands in his pockets. He was scowling. Then he walked round the corner of the house, looking up at it thoughtfully.

Inside the house, Tina met Mary in the hall. Mary looked startled at seeing her. "Tina! Have you come over from Redmyn?"

"Yes," said Tina. "Didn't you know I was coming?"

"I'd forgotten," said Mary. "I believe Philip did mention it."

She turned away. "I'm going into the kitchen," she said, "to see if the malted milk has come. Philip likes it last thing at night. Kirsten is just taking him up some coffee. He likes coffee better than tea."

"Why do you treat him like an invalid, Mary?" said Tina. "He's not really an invalid."

"If only we could get out of this house," said Mary. "It's so *bad* for Philip being here. And Hester's coming back today," she added.

"Hester?" Tina sounded surprised. "Is she? Why?"

"How should I know? She rang up last night and said so."

Mary disappeared along the passage to the kitchen. Tina hesitated a moment, then she walked up the stairs. On the landing the first door to the right opened and Hester came through it. She looked startled when she saw Tina.

"Hester! I heard you were coming back but I'd no idea you'd arrived."

"Doctor Calgary drove me down," said Hester. "I don't think anyone knows I've arrived."

"Is Doctor Calgary here now?"

"No. He just dropped me and went on into Drymouth. He wanted to see somebody there."

She moved past Tina and down the stairs. Tina went on past the library and along the passage to the suite at the end, which the Durrants occupied. Kirsten Lindstrom, standing just outside Philip's door with a tray in her hand, turned her head sharply.

"Why, Tina, you made me jump," she said. "I was just taking Philip some coffee and biscuits."

After knocking, Kirsten opened the door and passed in. She was a little ahead of Tina and her tall, angular frame blocked Tina's view, but Tina heard Kirsten's gasp. Her arms gave way and the tray crashed to the ground, cup and plates smashing.

"Oh, no," cried Kirsten, "oh *no*!"

Tina passed the other woman and came forward to where Philip Durrant's chair had been brought up to the desk. He had, she supposed, been writing. There was a ball-point pen lying close to his right hand, but his head was dropped forward in a curious, twisted attitude. At the base of his skull was something like a bright red lozenge.

"He has been killed," said Kirsten. "He has been killed—stabbed. There, through the bottom of the brain."

It was like a bad dream, Tina thought. Without really thinking objectively, her mind was taking in and registering various details. He had been writing, yes. The pen was there, but there was no paper in front of him.

Whoever had killed him had taken away what he'd written. She said, "We must tell the others."

"Yes, yes, we must go down to them. We must tell your father."

Side by side the two women went to the door, Kirsten's arm round Tina.

They went along the passage. The door of the library opened. Leo and Gwenda came out. Tina said in her clear low voice,

"Philip has been killed. Stabbed...."

KIRSTEN left her and hurried down the stairs. "I must tell Mary. It must be broken to her gently. Poor Mary. It will be a terrible shock."

Tina followed her slowly. More than ever she felt dazed and dreamlike, a strange pain catching at her heart.

She came to the open front door and passed through it. It was then she saw Micky coming round the corner of the house. Automatically as though this was where her footsteps had been leading her all the time, she went straight to him.

"It's all right," said Micky. "I've got you. . . ."

Tina crumpled slightly in his arms. She dropped to the ground just as Hester came running from the house.

"She's fainted," Micky said helplessly. "I've never known Tina faint before."

"It's the shock," said Hester.

"What do you mean—the shock?"

"Philip has been killed," Hester told him. "Didn't you know? Hasn't anybody told you?"

"How could I know? When? How?"

"Just now."

He stared at her. Then he picked up Tina in his arms. With Hester accompanying him, he took her into Mrs. Argyle's sitting-room and laid her on the sofa.

"Ring up Doctor Craig," he said.

"That's his car now," said Hester, looking out of the window. "Father was calling him on the telephone about Philip. I——" she looked round. "I don't want to meet him."

She ran out of the room and up the stairs.

Doctor Craig got out of his car and walked through the open door. Kirsten came from the kitchen to meet him.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lindstrom. Mr. Argyle tells me that Philip Durrant has been *killed*. *Killed?*"

"It is quite true," said Kirsten.

Micky came out into the hall. "Hallo, Desmond, you had better have a look at Tina," he said. "She's fainted."

"I'll just have a look at her before I go upstairs," Craig said.

Craig reappeared quickly from the sitting-room. He moved swiftly towards the telephone. "I must get hold of an ambulance," he said, "at once."

"An ambulance?" Kirsten and Micky stared at him.

"Yes," Craig said. "That girl didn't faint. She was stabbed. Stabbed in the back. We've got to get her to hospital at once."

"How soon do we get lost?"

SUPERINTENDENT HUISH asked: "What exactly do you want to know, Doctor Calgary?" But before Calgary could speak the telephone rang on Huish's desk and the superintendent picked it up. "Yes. What? How do you spell that last word? Oh, I see. Yes, doesn't seem to make much sense yet, does it? Nothing else? Right. Thanks." He replaced the receiver. "That was the hospital," he said.

"Tina?" asked Calgary.

The superintendent nodded.

"She regained consciousness for a few minutes."

"Did she say anything?"

"I don't really know why I should tell you that, Doctor Calgary."

"I ask you to tell me," said Calgary, "because I think that I can help you over this business. Will the girl live?"

"They think so," said Huish. "The blade of the knife missed the heart, but it may be touch and go." He shook his head. "That's always the trouble," he said. "People will *not* believe that a murderer is unsafe. They all knew there was a murderer in their midst. The only safe thing if a murderer is about is to tell the police anything you know *at once*. Philip Durrant went poking about laying traps for people. Result: I get a call to say he's dead, stabbed through the back of the neck. That's what comes of messing about with murder."

"And the girl?" asked Calgary.

"The girl knew something," said Huish. "Something she didn't want to tell. It's my opinion," he said, "she was in love with the fellow."

"You're talking about—Micky?"

Huish nodded. "Yes. I'd say, too, that Micky was fond of her, in a way. Whatever she knew was probably more deadly than she herself realized. That's why, after she found Durrant dead and she came rushing into his arms, he took his chance and stabbed her."

"That's merely conjecture on your part, isn't it, Superintendent Huish?"

"Not entirely conjecture, Doctor Calgary. The knife was in his pocket."

"The actual knife?"

"Yes. It had blood on it. We're going to test it, but it'll be her blood all right. Her blood and the blood of Philip Durrant!"

"But—it couldn't have been."

"Who says it couldn't have been?"

"Hester. I rang her up and she told me all about it."

"She did, did she? Well, the facts are very simple. Mary Durrant went down to the kitchen, leaving her husband alive, at ten minutes to four—at that time there were in the house Leo Argyle and Gwenda Vaughan in the library, Hester Argyle in her bedroom on the first floor, and Kirsten Lindstrom

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millions do.

Good to Chew and Good for You!

Murder runs amok!

continued from previous page

in the kitchen. Just after four o'clock, Micky and Tina drove up. Micky went into the garden and Tina went upstairs, following close in Kirsten Lindstrom's footsteps. She had just gone up with coffee and biscuits for Philip. Tina stopped to speak to Hester, then went on to join Miss Lindstrom, and together they found Philip dead."

"And all this time Micky was in the garden. Surely that's a perfect alibi?"

"What you don't know, Doctor Calgary, is that there's a big magnolia tree growing up by the side of the house. The kids used to climb it. Micky in particular. At all costs he had to prevent Tina and Philip Durrant meeting. To be safe, it was necessary to kill them both."

DR. CALGARY thought for a moment or two.

"You said just now, superintendent, that Tina has recovered consciousness. Wasn't she able to say definitely who stabbed her?"

"She wasn't very coherent," said Huish slowly.

He gave a tired smile. "All right, Doctor Calgary, I'll tell you exactly what she said. A name. *Micky*. . . ."

"She has accused him, then," said Calgary.

"That's what it looks like," said Huish, nodding his head. "The rest is a bit fantastic."

"What did she say?"

Huish looked down at the pad in front of him. "'*Micky*.' Then a pause. Then . . . '*The cup was empty*. . . .'"

"It meant something to her, something in her own mind," said Huish. "But it mayn't, you know, have been anything to do with the murder."

Calgary was silent for some moments. He sat thinking things over. He said: "You've arrested Micky?"

"We've detained him. He will be charged within twenty-four hours."

Huish looked curiously at Calgary. "I gather that this lad, Micky, wasn't *your* answer to the problem?"

"No," said Calgary. "No; Micky wasn't my answer. Even now—I don't know." He got up. "I still think I'm right," he said, "but I quite see that I've not got enough to go on for you to believe me. I must go out there again. I must see them all. . . ."

It was again dusk when Arthur Calgary came to Sunny Point on an evening very like the evening when he had first come there. And it was Hester again who opened it.

"*You*," she said. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

He took her hands in his.

"I want to see your father, Hester. Is he upstairs in the library?"

"Yes. Yes, he's there with Gwenda."

Kirsten Lindstrom came forward towards them.

"Why do you come here again?" she said accusingly. "Look at the trouble you brought last time. See what has happened to us all."

"I've got to finish what I began," said Calgary.

Very gently he put a hand on her shoulder and moved her slightly aside. He walked up the stairs and Hester followed him. He looked back over his shoulder and said to Kirsten, "Come too, Miss Lindstrom, I would like you all to be here."

In the library, Leo Argyle was sitting in a chair by the desk. Gwenda Vaughan was kneeling in front of the fire.

"I'm sorry to burst in upon you," said Calgary, "but as I've just been saying to these two, I've come to finish what I began." He looked round. "Is Mrs. Durrant in the house still? I should like her to be here also."

"She's lying down, I think," said Leo. "She—she's taken things terribly hard."

"I should like her to be here all the same." He looked at Kirsten. "Perhaps you would be so kind as to fetch her."

"As you please," said Kirsten. She went out of the room.

"You must forgive me," said Leo, "if I say at this moment that I wish you'd never come here in the first place, Doctor Calgary."

"That's unfair," said Hester fiercely. "That's a terribly unfair thing to say."

"I know what you must feel," said Calgary, "I think in your place I should feel much the same. But I cannot see that there was anything else that I could have done."

Kirsten re-entered the room. "Mary is coming," she said.

They sat in silence waiting and presently Mary Durrant entered the room. Calgary looked at her with interest, since it was the first time he had seen her. She looked calm and composed, every hair in place.

"It is good of you to come, Mrs. Durrant," said Calgary. "I thought you ought to hear what I have to say." He looked round him. "When I came here the first time, when I told you that I was able to clear Jacko's name, your reception of my news puzzled me. I understand it now. But the thing that made the greatest impression upon me was what this child here . . ." he looked at Hester, "said to me as I left. She said that it was not justice that mattered, it was what happened to the innocent."

He paused for a moment or two, but nobody spoke. He went on.

"When I came here first, it was not, as I thought, to bring you what might be described as tidings of great joy. You had all accepted Jacko's guilt. You were all, if I may say so, *satisfied* with it. It was the best solution that there could be of the murder of Mrs. Argyle."

"Isn't that speaking a little harshly?" asked Leo.

Calgary said, "It's the truth. Jacko was satisfactory to you all as the criminal because in the case of Jacko you could find the necessary excuses.

"Only one person blamed him." He looked at Kirsten Lindstrom. "*You* blamed him. You said that he was wicked. That is the term you used. 'Jacko was wicked,' you said."

"Perhaps," said Kirsten Lindstrom. "Perhaps I said that. It was true."

"Yes, it was true. He *was* wicked. If he had not been wicked none of this would have happened. Yet you know quite well," said Calgary, "that my evidence cleared him of the actual crime."

KIRSTEN said: "One cannot always believe evidence. You had concussion. I know very well what concussion does to people. They remember things not clearly but in a kind of blur."

"Concussion or no concussion, my memory is perfectly clear. On the night of Mrs. Argyle's death I gave Jacko a lift at the stated time. There is no possibility that Jacko Argyle killed his adopted mother that night."

Leo moved with a trace of restlessness. Calgary went on, "There are other points to be considered. One is the statement that I got from Superintendent Huish that Jacko was very glib and assured when giving his alibi. He had it all pat and ready, *almost as though he knew he might need it*.

"That ties up with the conversation I had about him with Doctor MacMaster, who has had wide experience of borderline delinquent cases. He said he was not so surprised at Jacko having the seeds of murder in his heart, but he was surprised that he had actually carried one out. He said the type of murder he would have expected was one where Jacko egged on *somebody else* to commit the crime. So I came to the

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ENVY—5

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is that people can commend it without envy.

William Shenstone

point where I asked myself this: Did Jacko know that a crime was to be committed that night? Did he know that he would need an alibi, and did he deliberately go about giving himself one?

"If so, *somebody else* killed Mrs. Argyle, *but*—Jacko knew she was going to be killed and one may fairly say that he was the instigator of the crime."

He said to Kirsten Lindstrom, "You feel that, don't you? You feel that it was Jacko who killed her, *not you*. . . . You feel it was under his orders and influence you did it. Therefore you want the blame to be *his*!"

"I?" said Kirsten Lindstrom. "I? What are you saying?"

"I'm saying," said Calgary, "that there was only one person in this house who could in any way fit into the rôle of Jacko Argyle's accomplice. And that is *you*, Miss Lindstrom. Jacko had a record behind him; a record of being able to inspire passion in middle-aged women."

He leaned forward. "He made love to you, didn't he?" he said gently. "He made you believe that he cared for you, that he wanted to marry you, that after this was over and he'd got more control of his mother's money, you would be married and go away somewhere. That is right, isn't it?"

FOR a moment Kirsten stared at him, speechless. It was as though she were paralysed.

"Mrs. Argyle refused to give him money. When he was refused by her, he applied to you," Calgary said.

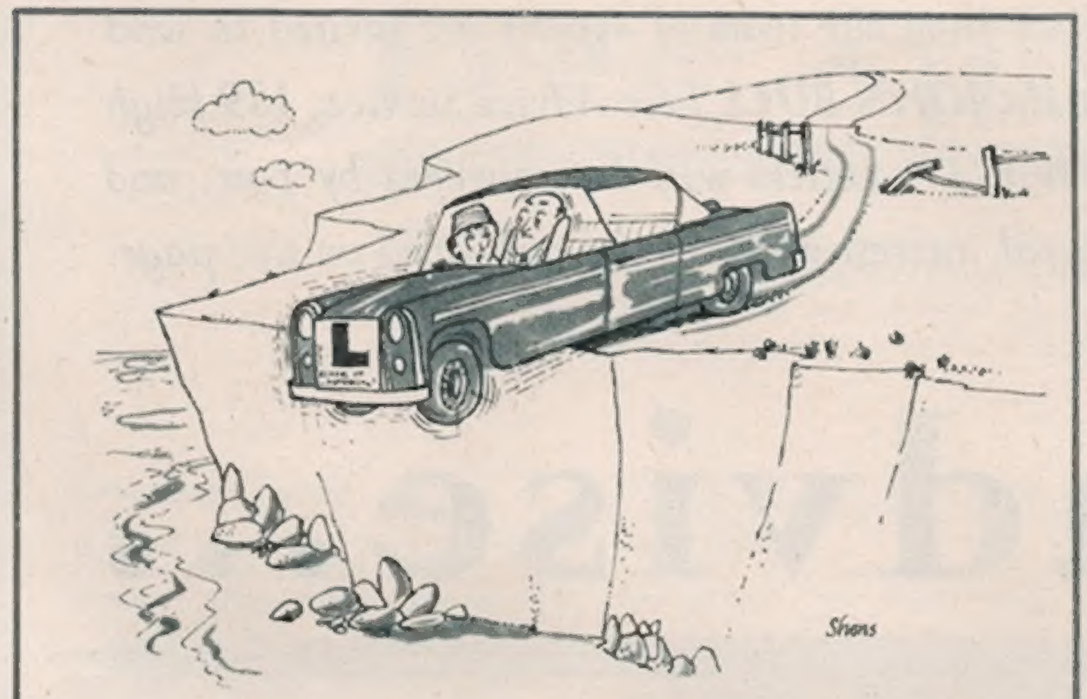
"Do you think," said Kirsten Lindstrom, "that I would have taken Mrs. Argyle's money to give him instead of giving him my own?"

"No," said Calgary, "you would have given him your own if you'd had any. But I think he'd already milked you dry. So he was desperate that evening, and when Mrs. Argyle had gone up to her husband in the library, you went outside the house where he was waiting and he told you what to do.

"First you must give him the money and then, before the theft could be discovered, Mrs. Argyle had to be killed. Because she would not have covered up the theft. He said it would be easy. You had just to pull out the drawers, to make it look as though a burglar had been there, and to hit her on the back of the head. He himself would establish an alibi, so that you must be careful to do this thing within the right time limits."

"Even if what you say is true," she said, "do you think I would have let him be accused of the murder?"

"Oh yes," said Calgary. "After all, he had told you he would have an alibi. You expected him, perhaps, to be arrested and then to prove his innocence. That was part of the plan. And



"Shall I try reversing now?"

then, on the morning after the murder, *Jacko's wife turned up here*. You didn't know he was married. The girl had to repeat the statement two or three times before you would believe her. At that moment your world crashed round you. You saw Jacko for what he was. You realized what he had made you do."

Suddenly Kirsten Lindstrom was speaking. The words came rushing out.

"I loved him . . . I loved him with all my heart. I was a fool, a credulous middle-aged doting fool. He made me think it—he made me believe it. He said—I cannot tell you all the things he said. I loved him."

"The night I came here," said Calgary, "you were afraid, weren't you? You were afraid of what was going to happen. You were afraid for the others. Hester, whom you loved, Leo, whom you were fond of. But principally you were afraid for *yourself*. And you see where fear has led you. . . . You have two more deaths on your hands now."

Kirsten's shoulders dropped in the sagging of despair. "So she has told you that I stabbed her. I did not think she even knew. I was mad, of course. It was coming so close—so close——"

"Shall I tell you what Tina said when she regained consciousness?" said Calgary. "She said, 'the cup was empty.' I knew what that meant. You pretended to be taking up a cup of coffee to Philip Durrant, but actually you had already stabbed him and were coming *out* of that room when you heard Tina coming. So you turned round and pretended you were taking the tray *in*. She noticed automatically that the cup that had dropped on the floor was empty and unused."

Hester cried out: "But Kirsten couldn't have stabbed her. Tina walked downstairs and out to Micky."

"My dear child," said Calgary, "people who have been stabbed have walked the length of the street without even knowing what has happened to them." He looked again at Kirsten. "And later," he said, "you slipped that knife into Micky's pocket. That was the meanest thing of all."

Kirsten's hands flew out pleadingly. "I couldn't help it—I could not help it. . . . It was coming so near. . . ."

Mary Durrant rose. She came across the room slowly but with increasing purpose.

"You killed Philip?" she said. "*You* killed Philip."

LIKE a tigress, she sprang at the other woman. Gwenda caught hold of her. Calgary joined her and together they held her back.

"You—you!" cried Mary Durrant.

Kirsten Lindstrom looked at her.

"What business was it of *his*?" she asked. "Why did he have to snoop round. It was never a matter of life or death for *him*. It was just—an amusement." She turned and walked slowly out of the door.

Leo Argyle said: "Let her go, Hester."

"But—she'll kill herself."

"I rather doubt it," said Calgary. "It's far more likely that she'll go to London. But she'll be traced and found."

"Our dear Kirsten," said Leo. His voice shook. "So faithful . . . so good."

Gwenda caught him by the arm and shook it. "How can you, Leo, how can you? Think what she did to us all—what she has made us suffer. If it hadn't been for Doctor Calgary here. . . ."

"So at last," said Calgary, "I have done something to help, rather late in the day."

"Too late," said Mary, bitterly. "I wish I were dead."

"My dear child," said Leo, "how I wish I could help you."

"Nobody can help me," said Mary. "It's all Philip's own fault, wanting to stay on here, getting himself killed." She looked round at them. "None of you understand." She went out.

CALGARY and Hester followed her. As they went, Calgary saw Leo's arm round Gwenda's shoulders.

"She warned me, you know," said Hester. Her eyes were wide and scared. "She told me right at the beginning not to trust her, to be as afraid of her as I was of everyone else. . . ."

"Forget it, my dear," said Calgary. "That is the thing you have to do now. Forget. All of you are free now."

"And Tina? Will she get well? She is not going to die?"

"I don't think she will die," said Calgary. "She's in love with Micky, isn't she?"

"I suppose she might be," said Hester, in a surprised voice. "I never thought about it. They've always been brother and sister, of course. But they're not really brother and sister. Perhaps they'll get married when Tina gets well, and then she can go out to Kuwait with him. Tina always wanted to be somewhere where it's warm. It's very warm there, isn't it?"

"And you will be happy now, my dear," said Calgary, taking Hester's hands in his. He made an effort to smile. "You'll marry your young doctor and you'll settle down."

"Marry Desmond?" said Hester, in a surprised tone of voice. "Of course I'm not going to marry *him*."

"But you love him."

"No, I don't think I do, really . . . I just thought I did. But he didn't believe in me. He didn't *know* I was innocent. He ought to have known." She looked at Calgary. "*You* knew. I think I'd like to marry you."

"But, Hester, I'm years older than you are. You can't really——"

"That is—if you want me."

"Oh, I want you!" said Arthur Calgary.

THE END

"Ordeal By Innocence" will be published in November by Collins, price 12s. 6d.

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Do working mothers play fair?

continued from page 35

south London biscuit maker employing 2,500 women, investigators have looked in on the private lives of hundreds of wage-earning mothers. Nancy Seear, lecturer in social science, says, "We were surprised at how little support we found for the horror stories so often told about neglected children."

They met women like thirty-four year old, copper-haired Patricia Goodbody, who has worked a 9.30 to 3.30 shift for eight years while still keeping three young sons and a husband happy.

She admits that such a busy life has its problems. "I get tired sometimes," she says. "Then chores pile up. But I don't think my boys have suffered." The boys—Brian (fifteen), Patrick (twelve) and William (ten)—are cheerful and popular. None has ever given his parents cause for worry. They help run the home without fuss and are rewarded with good clothes, home gadgets, TV and other extras which they know their postman father's wages could not provide alone.

In Scotland, Professor Thomas Ferguson has followed a sampling of boys through their adolescent years to find what difference there might be between the delinquency figures for working mothers' sons and the rest. He found it to be slight.

Early this century a woman carried her tiny son three miles every day from home in Hazel Grove, Cheshire, to a Stockport bowler-hat factory. There she sat him on a table while she stitched headbands into the hats.

The hard work of his mother and foreman father was a constant example to the boy. He developed the habit himself. He won a scholarship to a grammar school and later studied accountancy at nights.

While still a young man he founded a successful construction firm which, within a few years, was measuring its turnover in millions of pounds a year. Today that man, now fifty-one, is Britain's Postmaster-General, Ernest Marples. He believes that the early respect for work which he learned from his mother's job did much to make him what he is.

The conflict which working mothers face is how to do a job conscientiously yet be at home when wanted.

Norma Skemp, the young wife of a barrister and a wartime Wren officer, decided in 1953 that looking after a town flat and three small children was too dull. She talked to friends who had worked in offices before they married, and found that most felt the same. They were tired of undiluted domesticity. Norma had an idea. It was Coronation year and thousands of visitors pouring into Britain would want now-and-sometimes secretarial help. She would arrange for her friends and herself to do the work. The plan succeeded.

The Skemp family agrees that the effort which goes into Mother's incredibly fast-growing business has not made them a less, but a *more* united family. There has been strain on them all. Yet the children—two girls aged eleven and nine, and an eight-year-old boy—seem balanced and healthy.

MRS. SKEMP, an intelligent, sensitive woman, knew the risks and set out to beat them. First, she makes sure the children understand that the added income mainly means benefits for them such as the best education, riding and dancing lessons and other extras. Then quite often she takes them to the office so that by playing with the equipment and exploring the rooms they will look on "Mummy's business" as an extension of home. And she sees that each Saturday night there is a fine old-fashioned family get-together. It is strictly the children's night.

Mrs. Skemp believes that her children are more mature and less dependent than many of their playmates, and that she is better friends with them than she might be had she stayed at home.

Dr. Jessie Parfit, consultant to the London County Council, deals with problem schoolchildren of all kinds. She confirms that in her experience what matters is not whether mothers go out to work but rather *why* they do it and *how*. She has never found a case where an able, loving mother has caused harm by taking a job.

Five years ago, the Magistrates' Association announced its opinion that working mothers were one of the chief causes of juvenile crime. Now, less sure, it has called for a new inquiry.

"I hope they will see that their findings are well publicized," says Juanita Frances, chairman of the Married Women's Association. "If it is an *objective* study it will suggest that criticism of the working mother has been gravely over-generalized. It will show her in a new and better light as the hardest working member of our society. It is time she enjoyed a word of praise."

THE END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

I CAN'T take my holiday until October, but want to go somewhere warm. What's the nearest place where I can be reasonably sure of getting some sun, and how much is it likely to cost?—T. McD., Bradford.

● This is about the most tricky question of all: we are going through a frightful patch, so far as climates are concerned, and October is a notoriously treacherous month. You *should* be warm along the Mediterranean coast, especially in southern Italy or southern Spain; Amalfi, say, or Malaga. But, in October, it cannot be entirely guaranteed.

Madeira and the Canaries should be a safe bet, but not a cheap one; my own choice, I think, would be Tangier, a fascinating place at all times, and it is possible to nip over to Gibraltar and Spain—Marbella, Torremolinos, Malaga—if the sun shines. But it would cost at least £60; if you do not want to fly, you can travel tourist class, Tilbury-Gibraltar, by sea.

TEENAGE TAX

MY daughter is fifteen years old and earns an average wage of £5 per week. Does such a young girl have to pay income tax and what is my position?—M. H., Oldham.

● Your daughter must pay tax as a single person and, as her income now exceeds £100 a year, you are no longer entitled to child relief.

UNWANTED KITTENS

CAN I take my cat's kittens away as soon as they are born without doing the mother any harm?—H. D., Torquay.

● If it is not possible to find homes for kittens, it is far better to remove the whole litter at birth rather than start to bring them up and have them put to sleep later. Your cat will quickly get over any physical discomfort, and is less likely to worry than if she was allowed to keep the kittens for a time. Why not have her sterilized and so avoid unwanted litters?

SELLING A SHOP

I OWN a sweet shop which I took over when my parents died. I now want to get out of the business and retire, but have no idea how to fix a price for sale, apart from stock which is valued in the books.—Mrs. F. R., Neasden, Middlesex.

● When a business is sold, the usual method of arriving at its value is to estimate its worth at a given number of years' purchase of annual profits. The period taken is usually three to five years.

MAKING YOUR WILL

I WANT to make my will but I have been told that it will not be valid unless a number of conditions are observed in drawing it up. Can you tell me what makes a will valid?—Mrs. D. M., Ebbw Vale.

● If the will is in any way complicated you would be well advised to have it drafted by a solicitor. Otherwise there is a printed form obtainable at a stationers.

Observe the instructions on the form and in it appoint two executors; two people should witness your signature. They must be adults who do not benefit from the will—although the executors can be beneficiaries.

CAN I SELL?

I LIVE in a house which was left to me for my lifetime. Then it goes to my late brother's family. I have been told that I can sell the property. Is that correct?—W. C., Burton-on-Trent.

● Yes, you can sell the house but you will have to invest the proceeds in trust funds for the ultimate beneficiary or beneficiaries.

You can, of course, use the interest which the investment brings.

BABY'S COT

I WANT to paint my baby's cot, but was rather alarmed to read that a child had died from chewing the paint on his cot. Is there any special paint that I can use which is safe?—V. S., Cannock.

● On the whole, it is wiser not to paint anything that a child is likely to chew. But if you very much want to do it, it is best to check with your paint dealer or the manufacturer that the paint which you have chosen is completely safe.

Certain colours in an otherwise harmless range may be poisonous. It's worth noting that the manufacturers of Valspar 2-4 hour lacquer guarantee that their entire range is safe for this purpose.

BECOMING A PUBLICAN

WITH a capital of £150 I have approached a large brewery in order to become the owner of a public house. The management was sympathetic, but dubious about my resources and asked me to come back later when I had a bigger sum available. "Later" seems to be a long time, for I understand thousands of pounds will be needed.—J. S., West Lothian, Scotland.

● Your capital of £150 is far too small for a prospective tenant of a public house, but it is possible to obtain a loan. The first source to which you could turn to discuss a business advance is your bank.

Before doing so, however, we suggest that you get in touch with the secretary of the National Trade Development Association, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1. This is a joint body, representing brewers and retailers, which organizes licensed trade training courses.

The Brewers Society, also at 42 Portman Square, will be able to supply you with a list of brewers for any part of Britain, together with other information on the trade which you may want.

BRIGHTER DIGS

I AM living in a furnished room which has a celadon green carpet, pale grey walls and cream paintwork. The furniture is all rather dark, and I would like to brighten the room up a bit. Unfortunately, I am not able to change anything except for buying new curtains. What colour of material should I choose?—A. S. T., Poole.

● You do not say how much light your room gets, but assuming that it doesn't have very much, I would suggest adding a good splash of yellow to the scheme. This will go very well with the grey walls and green carpet.

Buy something like a good thick cotton repp in bright lemon yellow. Get a couple of extra yards and make a few cushions to put on the bed to pick up the colour, and if you have a table lamp you could make a matching lampshade for that, too.

GROUND RENT

I LIVE in my own bungalow for which I pay a ground rent of £5 10s. a year. Am I responsible for the 8s. 6d. in the pound, as I am an old age pensioner and not liable for income tax?—J. H., Bury.

● You must still deduct tax at 8s. 6d. for the ground rent and pay it over to the Inland Revenue. The fact that you are not liable for income tax yourself is not material.

ARMCHAIR FACIAL

MY aunt has just given me a very comfortable leather armchair. I like the colour of the leather and do not want to re-cover the chair, but the leather is a little dry. Is there anything which I can use to restore it?—Mrs. J. C., Llanelly.

● You can make a very good treatment for leather upholstery yourself out of two parts linseed oil and one part vinegar. Shake this well and rub well in to the leather. Finish off with a soft cloth.

SPLASH PROTECTION

I WANT to put a mosaic tiled splashback round behind my bath. I read somewhere about a new plastic tiled do-it-yourself mosaic. Can you tell me more about this, please? Do I have to make my own design?—D. M. W., Portadown.

● No, you don't have to design anything yourself. This mosaic is supplied ready backed on fabric 12 in. by 12 in., and pre-patterned for you.

All you do is stick as many of these squares on the wall as you want with a special adhesive, and then grout them—that is, fill in the little spaces between with an ordinary filler such as Polyfilla, and clean them off.

If you don't need a whole square, you can trim the tiles with scissors. Made by Plysu, they can be bought in many designs and colours from ironmongers for 6s. 6d. a square.

GOLDFISH TROUBLE

MY goldfish seem to be growing a whitish fur round their gills. Is this in order, or what can I do to prevent it?—S. B., Mintlaw, Aberdeen.

● Cotton wool disease, as it is called, is a very contagious fungus disease of goldfish, usually caused by sudden changes in the temperature of the water. Giving the fish a ten-minute daily bath in salt water should cure them if caught in time.

Put one and a half tablespoons of common salt in about a gallon of water and be careful to see that the water of the bath is the same temperature as that of the fish tank.

PENSION RIGHTS

MY husband will be sixty-five years of age this month and I am over sixty. He does not intend to retire at present. Can I draw my pension on his insurance?—Mrs. L. G., Codnor, Derby.

● You cannot qualify for pension in right of your husband's insurance until he becomes eligible for a retirement pension.

PAVEMENT PESTS

WE are having trouble with children who play on the footpath in front of our house. They make chalk marks and their ball keeps coming into our garden. Their parents seem to think we cannot stop them, as the footpath is a public highway. Can the law protect us?—Mrs. J. S., Hove.

● You can take all reasonable steps to prevent the children creating a nuisance but you should not take the law into your own hands by punishing them.

Inform the police and they will doubtless warn the parents.

New broom for old

THE bristles of my soft broom—real bristle, not nylon—have curled out of shape, which makes the broom much less effective. It is still in good order otherwise, and I wondered if there is any way in which I can straighten the bristles out again?—L. R., Oxford.

● Boil a full kettle very hard, and hold the broom so that the steam from the spout passes through the bristles. In the same way as with velvet, this will revive the bristles. If you do it regularly, you will find that your broom keeps in good condition.

GRANDMA'S £500!

ONE recent Wednesday morning, when Mrs. A. G. Forsyth was enjoying elevenses in her home at 46 Macindoe Crescent, Kirkcaldy, a telegram from Long Acre arrived.

After years of *weekly* Fun With Words but never a cash prize, she had won £500 for her simple, telling Bullet: GOING BACK A BIT—GETS "MOUNTAINS" INTO "FOCUS."

Now Mrs. Forsyth has had the added fun of giving presents to her ten grandchildren, buying replacements needed at home and banking the rest of her £500 for the day when her husband retires.

"Many people don't realize the fascination of making up Bullets," declares Mrs. Forsyth. Are *you* amongst them? Begin Bullets Fun With Words this evening and *you* may be next for a £500 telegram!

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

John, The Optimist	Verdict Of The Jury
In The Economic Battle	High Time
The Colour Problem	She's Dynamite, So
That Man, Makarios	Snobbery
If We Get To The Moon	A Nasty, Slimy Thing
Frightening	Fairy Footsteps
Never-never Fever	Bangs, Smoke, Sparks
To Soothe Our Nerves	Blackened His Name
Warm And Comfortable	Going Haywire
Must Be Faced	Nearly Hit The Ceiling

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

A Little Bit Of.....
The.....Arrived And
Devoted To.....

Brandishing The.....
At.....'s Mercy
When Grandpa Went.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EXTRA £250 to be shared by those winners of the TOP TEN cheques in Contests 2,160/2,163 whose successful efforts were one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,161 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, OCT. 6**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

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Bullets No. 2,156 Result: **£1,000** plus Celebration Weekend in London for Two: M. Wallis, 12 Dunstan Crescent, Worksop:

The Greatest Of Nation's—Assets—Little Man's "Balance."

£50 A. G. Warren, 16 Willow Road, Enfield, Middx: **Do The Job Well And—*Lead* The *Swing*!**

£25 T. A. Craig, 31 Kyleakin Road, Thornliebank: **Tantalizing Vision—From Notting Hill—Jamaica?**

£20 Mrs. S. G. Bartle, 179 Waterloo Street, Hull: **The Greatest Of Incentives—*Nations* On "Easier Terms."**

£15 L. Seed, 994 Burnage Lane, Manchester: **The Greatest Of Moments—Seeing Herself In Miniature.**

£10 L. T. Collis, 20 Radnor Gardens, Twickenham: **Wrestling With Water-logged—Windswept, Weed-ridden "Featherbeds"—Farmers!**

£9 L. R. Bond, 24 Kemp Road, Winton, Bournemouth: **In The Atomic Age—Miracles Commonplace—Common-sense, Miraculous!**

£8 E. E. Channell, 23 Graham Road, Blacon, Chester: **In The Atomic Age—"Teacup" Too Easily "Cauldron"!**

£7 G. Parsons, 27 Penally Way, Liverpool: **Fair Warning — Joneses Entertaining *Bank-manager*!**

£6 P. Gee, "Kenmore," 30 Ladythorn Road, Bramhall: **In The Atomic Age—"Pencils" Sky-writing—Man's "Erasure"?**

For ten winners of £5 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 3,150 other Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 18, for early news of 2,161 result.)

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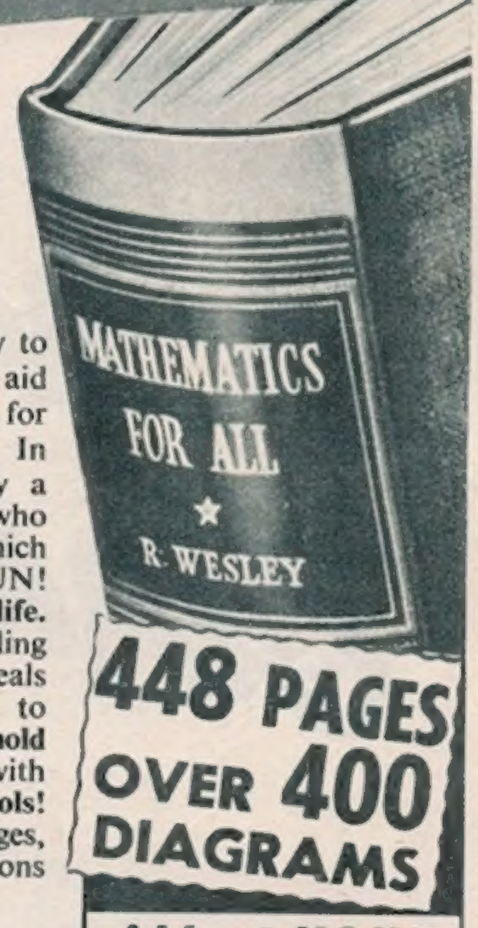

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